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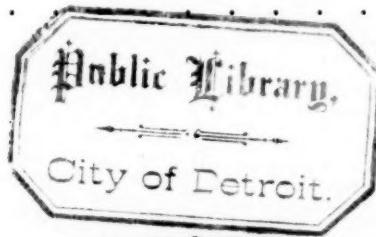
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PARTED.

ONCE more my hand will clasp your hand;
 Your loved voice I shall hear once more;
 But we shall never see the land,
 The pleasant land we knew of yore;
 Never, on any summer day,
 Hear the low music of its streams,
 Or wander down the leafy way
 That leadeth to the land of dreams.

Still, borne upon the scented air,
 The songs of birds rise clear and sweet,
 As when I gathered roses there,
 And heaped their glories at your feet;
 And still the golden pathway lies
 At eve across the western sea,
 And lovers dream beneath those skies,
 Which shine no more for you and me.

No more, ah, nevermore! and yet
 They seem so near, those summer days,
 When hope was like a jewel set
 To shine adown Time's misty ways;
 I sometimes dream that morning's light
 Will bring them back to us once more,
 And that 'tis but one long dark night
 Since we two parted by the shore.

We parted with soft words and low,
 And "Farewell till to-morrow," said;
 From sea and sky, and sunset's glow
 A golden halo round you shed;
 Then as you went, I heard you sing,
 "Haste thee, sweet morrow: " parting thus,
 How could we dream that life would bring
 Not any morrow there for us?

We parted, and that last farewell
 Its shadow on our life-path cast;
 And Time's relentless barriers fell
 Between us and our happy past;
 And now we meet when cares and tears
 Have dulled the parting and the pain,
 But never can the weary years
 Bring back our golden dreams again.
 Chambers' Journal. D. J. ROBERTSON.

DESOLATION.

IN fiercest heat of Indian June I rode
 Across an arid waste of burning sand
 At midday; all around the lonely land
 Seemed desert, and in shrunken channel
 flowed

The river; overhead a sky that glowed
 Not deeply blue, but wan with lurid glare.
 The tyrant sun with fixed unwinking stare,
 Veiled by no cloudlet, in mid-heaven abode,
 And crushed all nature with his blinding ray.
 No living thing was to be seen but one
 Huge alligator; on a sandbank prone
 The loathly saurian, basking and serene,
 Grim genius of the grim unlovely scene—
 Fit type of utter desolation—lay.

Academy.

THE CHURCH STEPS.

Two centuries of steps, and then
 A field of graves!
 With many a sculptured tale of men
 Lost in the waves.

You climb and climb, with here and there
 A seat for breath,
 To find amid the loftier air
 A realm of death.

And thus it is with human life—
 Men toil to rise.

And lo! above the strain and strife
 A graveyard lies.

Two centuries of steps, and then
 Amid the graves,
 A holy house that tells to men
 Of Him that saves.

O weary men, and women worn,
 That there have found,
 And find, bright hints of heavenly morn,
 On earthly ground!

And so atop the steps of time,
 If climbed aright,
 Heaven's glad and everlasting chime
 And home of light.

Spectator. GEO. T. COSTER.

"TWO MINUTES AND A HALF."

AFTER JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

[*"Der Mensch hat drittehalb Minuten, eine zu lächeln, eine zu seufzen, und eine halbe zu lieben, denn mitten in dieser Minute stirbt er."*]

Two minutes and a half has man to live;
 For laughter one, and one again for tears;
 A third for love; but those dark Fates that
 give
 Slit it, half-spun, with the "abhorred
 shears."

Prima datur lacrymis vita pars, altera risu;
 Est etiam frustra quam sibi querit amor,
 Namque admittunt ipse quod concessere So-
 roses,
 Et vix in medio tenuia fila secant.

Spectator. A. J. C.

STREWINGS.

STREW poppy buds about my quiet head
 And pansies on mine eyes;
 And rose-leaves on the lips that were so red
 Before they blanched with sighs.

Let gilly-flowers breathe their spicy breath
 Under my tired feet,
 But do not mock the heart that starved to
 death
 With aught of fresh or sweet!

A. MARY F. ROBINSON.

From The National Review.
POETRY COMPARED WITH THE OTHER
FINE ARTS.*

IT is with the results of the art of poetry that we have been thus far concerned; with the work produced, rather than the rules by which the workman, consciously or not, was guided; with the effect of his poem upon the world, more than with the peculiar personal gifts necessary for the poet; with the song, in a word, rather than the singer.

What was last in actual fact has thus been first in criticism. But my task is now to turn from effect to cause; to ask what are the special means by which the poet reaches his results; to look from the substance to the form of his art. This inquiry is less external in its nature, more intricate, and, if I may use the word, more intimate; hence more difficult. Yet, *tentanda via est*, the brief introduction to poetry which I wish to offer would be but half completed without it. But so much that is technical and theoretical will force its way into an inquiry of this nature, that I ask pardon beforehand should a subject, curious and interesting in itself, prove obscure or dull through my insufficient handling. My wish, at least, is to put the case as plainly as possible, avoiding in particular those rhetorical decorations into which the fine arts are too apt to tempt us, to the damage of judgment and the loss of pleasure. For rhetoric is always near to partisanship, and dazzles in place of lighting.

Such a subject as this cannot be approached, as a great master of poetical analysis has said,—

Without some hazard to the finer sense,†

lest the bloom and the odor of poetry should be hurt by the hard touch of definition, lest one should wander into egotism or fancifulness, and, in the fine phrase of Dante, “transmute thought into dreaming.”‡ Yet, at a time when art, as, all the world over, it dies out in creative power, ever more and more is in the

mouths of men, it may be of interest—I would hope, even of use—to compare the differences and find the common principles between the fine arts, with especial reference to that which is my peculiar care—*mea cura, Poesis*. And a further inducement is, that I am not aware of any modern attempt at this comparison, except in an essay by Mr. J. A. Symonds,* to which I am indebted for a few suggestions.

For our starting-point let us take two broad principles, which are not likely to be contested. First, that the essential aim of all true art is to clothe human thought and feeling, experience and aspiration, in such permanent forms of beauty as may touch and elevate the beholder's soul with responsive emotion and pleasure; secondly, that the excellence of each art lies in its individuality, in its truth to its own conditions, in its strict obedience to its natural limits, its perfect freedom within them.

Architecture is the bridge between the practically useful and the visibly beautiful,† between the prose and the poetry of human activity. Building becomes art so soon as the builder's mind endeavours to move our minds by something beyond utility. We may note in architecture three ascending stages of art. Mere mass in a building is the first and easiest form of expressiveness. Beauty felt in the proportions of the mass, even without decoration, follows, until architecture reaches its highest and noblest point as a fine art, when massiveness, moulded into general beauty of form, is united with the grace and life of appropriate ornament. Here the same laws govern poetry and architecture. True proportion in a building answers to the general scheme or plot of a poem (as exemplified especially in narrative or dramatic works), and, further, to the sense of unity which all good art conveys; whilst the ornamental details in each should always be felt by eye and mind to bud and flower out, as if by necessity, from the main object of the design.

* A second Introductory Lecture, by F. T. Palgrave, professor of poetry in the University of Oxford. See LIVING AGE No. 2183, April 24, 1886.

† Wordsworth, Prelude, xiv.

‡ Purgatorio, c. xviii. 145.

* Italian Byways, 1883.

† The sense of *moral* beauty which is roused when we see works of eminent usefulness, unless it be translated by art into word or form, belongs to another sphere of thought.

They should be like the trees in a native forest described by an old poet, "born of their own impulse, not planted."* Let me dwell on this for a moment.

Architecture, at the first glance, presents to the eye utility transforming itself into beauty. Hence every beautiful element thus interfused should not only be appropriate to the purpose of the building, but should express and emphasize it. The obvious difficulty of this union between use and ornament adds, also, the further pleasure which arises always when we are conscious of obstacles vanquished by patient skill or imaginative invention. In the finest buildings we find nothing merely decorative; the one-sided demand, "art for art's sake," here, at least, can have no place. The mysterious creatures which guarded the palace gates of Nineveh, the severe power of the Doric column in the Parthenon, the lovely capitals and wreaths which we see in the earlier structures of Venice, the figure-peopled front of Rheims or Wells,—nay, every pinnacle and parapet in the days of living architecture, all, as a rule, serve to accentuate straightforwardly the functions of the building. And rightly so; for the eye is soon satisfied with seeing; any decoration beyond that which is really needed, any ornament which does not justify its existence, vexes us with satiety, rouses a sense of the intrusive, and weakens the very effect on the spectator's soul at which the designer aimed.

Here we meet with another law, one of the few—the very few, I am disposed to say—really common to all the fine arts, but in none more stringent than in architecture, what may be termed the law of climax. It is generally agreed that every true work of art must form a whole, must lead us to a definite and preceptible end, should in a word, have unity. In architecture, this law is often neglected. We find buildings, public and private (as, it must be confessed, we find poems), so lavishly clothed with decoration that eye and mind are oppressed only by a general sense of perplexing profusion. *All* ornament is little more satisfactory, little more

effective, whether in poem, picture, or building, than *no* ornament. Here the law of climax has its place. Decoration should always be so managed as to carry us up to moments of intenser interest. These may be more or fewer, in proportion to the scale of the work. But such moments, in turn, must lead, with always increasing delight and wonder, to the last climax of significance and beauty. The end, in the old phrase, should crown the work.

But each fine art works with closely limited materials, sparing us, we should remember always, whether as artists or as beholders and judges, "narrower margin than we deem."* These conditions, if I may use words not too lofty or serious for the matter, are, in fact, part of the ever surrounding chains and mountain walls of necessity, in the battle between which and man's free will, all human life is involved; and, with it, all fine art, which is always and everywhere a mirror held up to life. Architecture, as the one fine art directly subserving utility, has special limits of its own. The employer, doubtless, invites art when, in the phrase of Tacitus, "he wishes not only for a shelter from rain and wind, but also for an object which should please his eye." "Non tantum eo vult tecto tegi quod imbre ac ventum arceat, sed etiam quod visum et oculos delectet." The builder becomes artist when into the language of arch and wall, roof and spire, he "translates emotion; vague, perhaps, but deep, mute but unmistakable. When we say that a building is sublime or graceful, we mean that sublimity or grace is inherent in it."† But it is the practical purpose of the building, imposed from without upon its designer, which, in general, must govern also the spiritual or poetical impression it conveys. The architect is not, like poet or painter in modern days, free to choose his subject. Palace and cottage, town house, or country house, castle and church, railway station and inn, each embodies one great phase of human existence, with all its array of thought and feeling and activity; for the prose of life is always

* *Ingenio arbusta ubi nata sunt, non obsita.* (*Nævius, Lycurgus.*)

* M. Arnold; Sonnet V.

† J. A. Symonds; *Italian Byways*.

inextricably intertwined with its poetry. This it is the artist's business to put into visible form. And this practical aim, while determining his materials, determines also, in a great degree, the character of the emotion which the architect is able to excite. Mass, solidity, permanence; these are the first ideas which his materials carry with them. If he can render these ideas only with visible appropriateness and in satisfying proportion, the plainest work will be a work of art. Hence the masterpieces of architecture will generally be found expressive, not so much of beauty pure and simple, as of elevation of soul and sublimity, upon which last quality I can here only pause to remark that the sublime, although often contrasted with the beautiful, seems to me rather to be one form or mode of beauty. But the limit thus straitly fixed by the physical conditions, as ever is the case, adds to the vital force of the art, "turning its necessity to glorious gain." The permanent sublimity of a noble building appeals to one of the deepest cravings of the heart, —

The universal instinct for repose,
The longing for confirmed tranquillity,
Inward and outward : *

to "that peace which is at the centre of all agitation." This is the feeling expressed by those famous lines in Congreve's "Mourning Bride," describing the interior of some Gothic cathedral, which Johnson said that he placed above any single passage of Shakespeare; finding in them, doubtless, a tone in harmony with the pensive loftiness of his own mind.

The sense of aspiration and sublimity thus called forth is vague and general, compared with the more definite thought or emotion which we may owe to pictures or to poetry; the moral impressed upon us more remote. It is a sort of counterpart to the delightful sense of unrealized desire, of the longing that cannot be put into words, which is, perhaps, the peculiar privilege of music. The German critic, Schlegel, *aut quis fuit alter*, who spoke of a Gothic cathedral as "frozen music," may have had in his mind this sublime vagueness. But if architecture thus falls

short of her sister fine arts, in clearness and variety of pleasurable effect, she finds a charm which they are all but without, in the permanence due to her purpose and her materials. The charm I speak of, in its best-recognized form, lies in that union of the work of time with the work of beauty, which every one of ordinary taste and education known as picturesqueness. This is probably the most common source of the pleasure which architecture gives; it is this which, in the popular mind, most connects it with art. But architecture brings often a further charm, also specially inherent in this fine art; which, to those who can feel it, is deeper far than picturesqueness; what I should call the magic of antiquity, the actual and tangible presence of the past. Statue or picture may also be ancient; yet their age is apt to impress us rather as a source of regret for the inevitable wrongs wrought by time, than as a direct source of pleasurable interest. Between us and the poet the distance is wider still. Sophocles or Dante or Milton are not face to face with the modern reader in their works. It is through words, the full meaning of which no student can fully hope to penetrate, that they reach us — through words which, even if our own language, are but the symbols of the poet's thought, not the thought itself. But the building which entrances us by its grace or grandeur is not only the authentic creation of an artist long since passed from earth; it must be also the living handiwork of a whole crowd of others, those who set up and carved it — artists too, in their degree, all in some strange but real way surviving in their own creation.

This thought, if we consider it rightly, is deeply pathetic. As, when looking on some mountain-top or valley such as the poet describes, —

Crag jutting forth to crag, and rocks that seem
Ever as if just rising from a sleep,*
most men in their imaginative moments,
feel with Wordsworth somewhat of the
presence of —

The Visions of the hills,
And Souls of lonely places;

* Excursion, book iii.

* Keats, Hyperion, book ii.

similarly the spectator, if he has rendered himself worthy of the spectacle by a reasonable amount of knowledge, in dome or spire, arch or buttress, stable and motionless as the mountain, sees the souls of men, their thoughts and emotions and fancies, as it were making silent appeal to his sympathy from their prisons of stone, praying to be understood, and felt with as men by man, and gently handled, and spared from needless injury. And such a spectator hears not only thus the sweet, melancholy music of the long-vanished days. What to the uneducated or the prejudiced eye is a bare skeleton, to him is a living organism of the past. He will be aware how the style of the building before him was evolved from those that preceded it by laws, imperative almost as the laws of nature, under the combined pressure of the material wants, the moral tone, the imagination and art of its own age; how that style, in turn, gave way to another which more accurately embodied and petrified the needs and wishes of a later period. He will hence learn patience with each, and be able to take an open-minded enjoyment in its beauty, even whilst maintaining the rights of a just judgment to give every style its due place in art. One cathedral shall thus bring before us that long evolution of human intelligence and invention which passes successively through Renaissance, Gothic, Romanesque, Roman, Greek; arrested only before Assyria and Egypt, like geology when classifying the steps in organic life, by the failure of our evidence.

Thus, from any single work of art, avenues, as some one has said, go forth to the infinite. The building which to the uneducated eye is but a voiceless if impressive mass, to the informed taste will be a short history of art, a chronicle of human progress. And it would be idle to say that the pleasure which we may hence receive will be twenty-fold deeper, higher, and more permanent than that of the un instructed passer-by; it will be something out of all comparison with it.

Architecture thus "connects itself indissolubly with the life, the character, the moral being of a nation and an epoch." The very fact that it subserves utility, compels it, as it were, to follow and to represent more closely than the other fine arts the spirit of its age; history here carves itself before us in broader lines, and covers more of human life in every rank and condition than even painting or poetry.

I wish that space allowed me to vivify

these perhaps too general reflections by the example of some one famous building; by such an imaginary walk, for instance, as Addison led the men of his time through the Abbey of Westminster, or, in our own time, some of those present may have enjoyed with our accomplished and lamented Stanley. But my subject recalls me; I must linger no more on this favorite art, lest, as Virgil feared, I should fatigue my hearers, —

Singula dum capti circumvectamur amore.

Sculpture and painting, formative arts which represent to us human life, landscape, and all other appearances of nature, bring us nearer poetry. Their sphere is much wider, their appeal more direct and special, than that of architecture. In place of the general sense of grace or sublimity, they present not indeed imitations of nature, as is sometimes said, but her forms as seen through the glass of the artist's own soul; individualized by its varying tints and degrees of translucency, combined in new shapes and new meanings by fancy and imagination. But upon these points we need not dwell; Oxford has heard much eloquent teaching upon them. I pass on to my own immediate subject, the special character of the formative arts in comparison with poetry.

Every fine art, let me repeat, may be said to conquer its specific character by the artist's incessant battle with its physical conditions; he becomes master of his craft by turning his own limitations into victory. Sculpture connects itself here with architecture, using stone or metal, and expressing thoughts in solid, tangible form; it also is the natural exponent of repose, of dignity, of permanent beauty. The subjects in a high degree suited for sculpture — those in which the special limits are best tenable — are hence comparatively few. They must be, first, expressible by pure form, without the interpretative aid of color, and with little aid from background or accessories. Hence, more than any other art, they require the spectator to bring knowledge of the subject treated with him. Sculpture rarely explains itself, as painting often does, and poetry should always. Landscape is wholly denied to her. Living forms, predominantly human forms, are almost her whole province.

This, truly, is but a small field compared with the world of thought and feeling, of tale and landscape, free to poetry. Yet from this limitation springs the peculiar power of sculpture. What she offers

are the great elementary passions common to mankind through all the ages ; the actions which are most widely known ; the features which, through their intrinsic beauty or the lives of their wearers, have a world-wide significance. The proper appeal of sculpture is to those thoughts and feelings which are highest or deepest in us ; to those which seem by nature to have most of immortality in them. These the artist must render through colorless human form. This brings before us another general law of fine art—that the most important feature in every work must be the most perfectly realized and rendered. We have here another form of the law of climax. Hence ingenuities of carving which attempt an absolute illusion of the sight, the veils that look as if we could lift them, the fruit we might pluck, are but caricatures of the true art. The sculptor, that he may render human form and human thought and feeling through it, with the highest perfection, is compelled to render abstractly or conventionally every minor, less important feature in his work. It is to nature that he returns, through deviations from nature.

This law of abstraction in sculpture, I note in passing, seems to find its counterpart in what Keble and other authorities have spoken of as the law of reserve in poetry. All fine verse suggests whilst it reveals ; the poet leaves much generalized or incomplete that he may give us the sense of completeness ; his reticences enable him to speak more forcibly.

Sculpture being thus narrowly restricted, at once in her methods and her subjects, has to rely more than any other art on that common basis of them all—absolute beauty. Even when creating forms of grandeur and sublimity, she can hardly, like painting or poetry, place us in presence of the simply fearful or the unalloyedly grotesque ; no form distinctly not beautiful being, I think, ever admitted in sculpture of high class, at least without great peril. And if, going beyond the familiar word "beauty," we ask which of the elements composing it (so far as they are definable) do really move and charm us most, our answer, it seems to me, must be these two—intensity and tenderness. All the highest work, if I do not dogmatize too much in saying it, in all the fine arts, has this note of perfection. It is a truth which I greatly wish to impress upon you ; it is, at least, the underlying thought in all I have to offer.

Now sculpture, as the most concentrated of the fine arts, presents this mode of the

beautiful in the highest degree. From her natural conditions she can, as it were, give but one stroke. But it is decisive. And this intensity and tenderness of beauty is not, as with painting, to be sought mainly in the human features ; it must be felt living through the whole figure, infused in every limb, inherent in every fold of drapery. To name these conditions is enough to make us feel, in some small degree, the amazing difficulty of the art; enough to explain why true success in it is so rare. But hence, also, the strange, deep, mysterious pleasure which first-rate sculpture gives. Hence, again, in combination with its material, the permanence of its appeal to civilized man. Sculpture shares with architecture this prerogative of duration. It is through a frail and impalpable film that we know Titian or Raphael. It is only through serious toil that the symbols through which the poetry of Hellas or Rome is preserved become living words and thoughts to the modern reader. But the gods of the Acropolis and of Olympia are before us, as they were before Sophocles or Theocritus.

I might go on till all but I were weary upon this magical art, so cold to the careless spectator, so informed, I might almost say so white-hot, with inward passion to the soul of the true student. But we must return to the relations between sculpture and poetry. Close analogies are not here to be looked for. But where poetry gives the sense of sublimity in human character, of that rare pathos which is roused, not by pathetic words, but by the simple setting forth of a pathetic situation, where details are suppressed in favor of human interest ; where, in fine, beauty is mainly presented through tenderness and intensity,—there we may recognize the statuesque elements in poetry. Homer was long since known as the master of Phidias. In their style, Aeschylus and Sophocles have the sculptural quality ; Pindar (to me) far less constantly. Petrarch occasionally, Dante and Milton oftener, show it. Modern verse, however, is not rich in this quality. Even Keats, of all our poets since Milton the most richly endowed with plastic genius, failed, and with his exquisite modesty confessed his failure, in "Hyperion." In point of form, the impersonal, or national ode, is nearest to a work of sculpture. Dryden (in a coarse, Renaissance style), Manzoni, Schiller, Wordsworth, here may supply examples. But in this region also, as in sculpture itself, success is of the rarest.

The material and technical differences between painting and sculpture reveal the nearer approach made by painting towards poetry. The sculptor gives his thoughts to us in actual form. Color is the only natural element which he requires the spectator to supply. The painter requires us, by a farther effort of imagination, to take a flat surface for solidity and distance, showing us his impression of nature in that magical mirror of the mind, without which he himself could not have received the impression which he transfers to us. Painting here approaches poetry, the fine art which has most of the symbolical, least of the sensuous, in its material. The painter also, although his canvas can only exhibit forms co-existent in space, not progressive in time, like those which pass before us in poetry, can indicate combined movement more than the sculptor; can imply the immediate before and after of the one moment which he has chosen. He can exhibit more of a connected story, more subtle and complicated feeling than sculpture, and can connect his work into a whole through landscape, through multitude of detail, through color. Painting, hence, has a wider range of character than sculpture, and depends less upon absolute beauty. In all these points pictures come near to poems. Color in particular, which, I think, answers in some respects to metre, allows the painter to give his work at the first glance a general tone of feeling, putting us in the right mood to understand and enjoy the scene which he offers for our study. Hence a likeness, true though shadowy, may be traced between the main currents of painting and poetry. Words such as epic, dramatic, idyllic, and even lyrical (as, for example, in the case of Correggio) are applicable to individual pictures, and to certain schools of art.

The natural limit which confines painting to presenting one moment, one aspect only, in completeness, gives this art, even more than sculpture, a great advantage, of which every poet must be conscious. The painter exhibits at one glance to the mind the beauty of face or figure or landscape which the poet can only exhibit in succession by separate touches. And, however skilfully he may select and arrange his words, he cannot help knowing that no reader will ever be able to recombine them in the whole which was before his own inner vision. But I must not allow myself to be tempted here into discussing that very curious subject, the limits of descriptive poetry.

Painting is nearest among the arts to poetry in the range, variety, and definiteness of its subjects; it is also the art, if we include light-and-shade designing, which lends to poetry the dubious aid of illustration. Why, then, is it natural to take music for our final comparison? In her appeal to us music calls forth emotion even more general and indefinite than architecture, with less representation of nature, less power to supply or to arouse thought. The forms through which music speaks to the ear not only present none of those natural appearances which sculpture and painting and poetry imitate or suggest, but have scarce any real prototypes in the very sounds of nature. The orchestra is as little indebted to the nightingale as the cathedral aisle to the forest avenue. The most limited of the fine arts, by her technical conditions, the most conventional in material and method, what right has music to a place next to poetry—of all arts the freest, the most varied in range of subject, the most intellectual—in short, the highest? I may reply in a single word, which I hope will not be considered too rhetorical; music speaks. Further answer is scarcely needed; *causa finita est.*

As, however, I have tried in case of the other fine arts, let us attempt to compare with poetry this evanescent and impalpable spirit of music, which here I shall, so far as possible, think of as separated from the words of a song or the action of an opera—absolute music, according to the modern phrase. We have granted that it is nearest to poetry in its essence and in its effect on the hearer. But the reason often given for this, that music acts more immediately and closely upon the nerves than the arts which we have examined—and has, hence, a more absolutely spiritual influence over us—cannot, I think, be sustained. Hearing is known now to be a nervous function in no essential respect different from that of sight, through which architecture, sculpture, painting, move our souls. The wave of sound has not, hitherto at least, been shown to penetrate the consciousness by any finer or closer channel than the wave of light. The true reason why music has this magical and entralling power, why it seems to steep us in the essence of poetry, lies more deep; it must be sought in a region where words, I fear, cannot enter without peril to the speaker. Analyze and define how we may, no one has ever caught and imprisoned in words the volatile vital element which makes poetry poetry. Could

we define it, it would be that magical thing which we call poetry no longer ; the spell would be broken by the word ; the fairy gift would fly. The poet himself cannot seize this essence. "I feel it only"—*sentio tantum*—is his last utterance. He is, at most, dimly conscious of a spirit moving in him, he knows not how. And we, the readers, may define and describe the outward, formal circumstances of poetry ; may reckon and weigh the part which imagination and fancy, pathos and sublimity, heart and head, contribute to a poem ; but this inner soul, this inspiration, remains always indefinable. Intensity with tenderness is only the phrase in which I have tried to find an imperfect expression of it.

Now it is, I think, precisely this mysterious element, this soul of soul, which music offers to the sensitive nature. The spirit of poetry which we hear in music is even less embodied than that "half-graspable delight" in the air above him, which Keats describes his Endymion as conscious of when he first meets his unknown goddess in the enchanted forest. Its invisibility is part of the magic and the entrancement; invisibility to the senses answering to the vagueness with which music appeals to the soul. It is the triumph of a poem to offer us definite images, distinct pictures; of music to dispense with them, and pass beyond to the inmost animating spirit which renders picture and imagery poetical. If any attempt at definition be not too hazardous, might we not, hence, define music simply as poetry without words?

But hence, also, this fine art differs essentially from the rest; they move us actively, they call forth our latent thoughts and feelings, they interpret our higher nature to ourselves. Music (speaking always now of music absolute), in place of leading, follows the moods of the mind, clothes them with poetry, soothes or exalts them accordantly with the temper of the moment. The melody which brings tears to one hearer shall give another consolation, beyond the reach of philosophy or poetry. A slight change in expression, even in time, will turn into a song of despair the symphony of triumph. This adaptive, living quality, this *immediateness* of music, if I may use the word, seems to arise from the material conditions of the art which here, as ever, secretly confine and govern it. Seemingly the most natural, music is, in fact, the most artificial of the arts, the most conventional. Our scale, our melody, our

harmony, are meaningless if not discordant to the majority of human ears. Even among the races which employ them, they have proved arbitrary and fluctuating. Mathematics show that the very intervals of the scale are irreconcilable with natural law. The European ear is gradually learning new rules of harmony. Hence, perhaps, music is the most modern of the arts, not, of course, in its practice, but in the forms which now speak to us musically. Despite a few fragments, surviving rather as curiosities than as works of art, we can hardly realize what was the music which Dante heard in Paradise more than the music which accompanied the verse of Homer or Sophocles. Yet in this paradoxical art the peculiarities of music bring it nearer to the soul of poetry; they make it more fit to follow, to invest, to deepen our emotion; dis severing it from the associations of the past, they render it more immediately and purely pleasurable, make it a more pervading atmosphere of intensity steeped in tenderness; the interpreter of that sadness which lies always at the heart of joy. An old poet has sung this aspect of melody in two lines which have in them no little of the art they describe :—

The mellow touch of music most doth wound
The soul, when it doth rather sigh than sound.*

But I must linger no more in these Elysian fields; *Quid multa*—to take the words of the most musically gifted among my predecessors—*Quid multa? Communis est hominum sententia, Musicanum plane artium proxime ad Poesin accedere.*† "Why say more? It is the common sentiment of mankind, that of all the arts music clearly comes nearest to poetry."

Much of interest has perforce been passed over in this comparison of the arts. But if, step by step, I have made the meaning clear, the special province of each art, the special powers of each to please and to move us, will also have defined the area left for poetry, whilst showing us, at the same time, what poetry cannot do. We have seen that the spell of every art over our souls is always limited by its material conditions and by the technical rules which they necessitate. Through its conformity to these conditions, fine art gives pleasure; it rules, because it obeys. What, then, are the materials, the limits, and the laws of poetry as an art?

* Herrick, *Hesperides*.

† J. Keble, *Prael. III.*

The brief statements of two great poets will be our best starting-point here. Milton defines poetry as "simple, sensuous, and passionate." Coleridge defines it as consisting of "the best words in the best places." Enlarge this, with what he would have been the first to add, into "The best words in the best places, for sense and sound and metre," and the definition of what we are seeking will be complete. With such words poetry "does the work in turn of architecture, sculpture, painting, music." But whilst the material of these arts is tangible or audible, the very material of poetry is, if I may be allowed the phrase, immaterial. Words are signs only of things, not images; light and airy beings, as Plato unkindly describes the poet himself; breath mysteriously blended with thought. The mind only—head and heart, but heart through head—is addressed by poetry. The single strictly sensuous element which she has in common with her sisters is found in so far as something remotely like music is felt or heard in rhythm and rhyme,—and through these the poet's material mainly takes its form.

When painting was before us I compared rhythm and rhyme to color, because the metre chosen for a poem tints it at once and throughout with a peculiar tone. But the comparison has a deeper significance. Color, it is generally agreed, is the element which divides painting from sculpture; it is the outer limit of the art. And I cordially agree with those who similarly hold metre, rhymed or unrhymed, as that material form which parts prose from poetry, which bounds it, which is of its essence. This view obviously excludes at once the extension of the name poetry to prose writing. The "unheard melodies" which the sight of his Grecian urn suggested to Keats might as well be termed actual music. Prose may be poetical, but remains always prose. I regret sincerely to find myself here opposed to many modern authorities, for it is doubtful whether the phrase, prose-poetry, occurs till late in the eighteenth century. Shelley* speaks of Plato and Bacon as poets, and draws no line between them and Homer or Dante. This seems to me to turn metaphor into fact. But against Shelley in his youth may be set the mature judgment of Goethe and of Schiller, in one of the too rare passages of helpful criticism which give value to their "Cor-

respondence."* And Schiller, in another letter, has a phrase which goes deeply, if somewhat obscurely, into the nature of metre. "Purity" (by which he means *strictness*) "of metre," he says, "serves as a sensuous representation of the inner necessity of the thought."† As I understand the passage, fixed metrical form answers to that inward impulse, that inspired movement or madness, as Plato calls it, which constrains the poet, in proportion to the force of his genius, to think, feel, and express himself as he does. Here, again, from another side, we find ourselves confronting that insoluble problem, what, namely, forms the innermost essence of poetry. This presence of necessity, though, perhaps, little noticed, is felt in all really fine art. It is implied in Wordsworth's profound criticism on Goethe, "that his poetry was not sufficiently *inevitable*." Rhythm and rhyme—our substitute for the ancient verse-systems framed upon quantity—rhythm and rhyme, by the inevitable bonds which they impose upon the poet, impress us with that silent sense of difficulty vanquished, of perfect freedom within the strictest bounds, which is one great source of poetical effectiveness and pleasure. Nor is this law confined to the poet. The artist's triumph always is when he can thus identify liberty with necessity, when his work strikes us at once as inevitable and spontaneous.

To conclude. My first lecture attempted to sketch the vast palace of art at which poets have been toiling almost from before the dawn of history; "that great poem," as Shelley called it in his brilliant essay, "which all poets, like the co-operating thoughts of one great mind, have built up since the beginning of the world." To-day we have had less of the work than of the workman; the formal conditions which the poet and his fellow-artists must obey; the natural system of art, if I may take the phrase from science. Form as contrasted with substance, body with spirit, idea with realization, style with matter—these and other phrases express, but express imperfectly, the two great elements which are found together in all the arts. The more intimate their union, the more equal their proportions, will the work be finer, more pleasurable, more durable. Probably, indeed, in all masterpieces the two elements have been given

* Defence of Poetry.

* See Goethe's letter of November 25th, 1797.
† Schiller, August 9th, 1799.

together; soul and body have been born to the poet's mind at once; Pallas has leapt forth, armed and perfect, from the head of her divine parent. An old remark which I have seen quoted, I know not whence, ingeniously expresses this balance between style and matter, as it should make itself felt in the finest works of art: *Simul, denique, eluceant opus et artifex.* As the last result, the work and the workman should shine forth on us together.

But this union of form and substance is often unequal and incomplete. Few, comparatively, are the poets who have steered true the narrow course midway between these opposing attractions,—led astray by the impulse to teach, or the impulse to display skill. Hence the endless battles which artists and students are always waging over this problem. Yet the dispute would hardly exist if beauty—beauty in its highest sense—were accepted, as it was by the Greeks, as the first and last word in art; if poets and critics had taken to heart the single line in which Horace, with his exquisite skill in the use of words, has summed up the aim and method of poetry,—

Animis natum inventumque Poema iuvandis, where *iuvare* carries with it at once the image of aid and of delight to the soul. Greek criticism and taste, and Roman following Greek, held the balance true between style and matter. But the restless and fever-weakened modern world, which in its heart prefers doubt and debate to truth, the novel to the beautiful, will not have it so. Hence the quarrels and instabilities of criticism, the one-sided judgments of literary coteries, until the outer world scornfully pushes aside the question with the proverb that we cannot dispute about taste,—called forth by the eternal disputes about it. Is the painter to aim at art for art's sake, or for his subject's sake? Is the poet to satisfy himself with beauty devoid of substance, or with matter imperfectly informed with charm of imagery or language? All judgment on poetry is constantly moving between these opposite yet eternally united poles. We can trace the fluctuation in our own minds, as well as in our schools of art and of criticism, as we are attracted in turn by the pole of style or the pole of matter. But the final judgment, the central estimate, poised and unwavering, and bringing with it the highest and most durable pleasure, will always be that which is evenly balanced between them.

F. T. PALGRAVE.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
MY SUCCESS IN LITERATURE.

I.

LITERATURE was my profession. I had written a good deal in my time, but none of my productions had been so successful as we (my wife and I) thought they deserved to be. I did not think very much of my wife's judgment in some things, but in the matter of literature she showed a discernment superior to that of others with larger pretensions and wider experience. She was, like the wife of Carlyle, convinced of her husband's genius and certain of his ultimate recognition; but I had to wait longer for the recognition than Carlyle, and I was more hampered in my affairs than the philosopher of Chelsea. I could not keep house on one hundred and fifty pounds while I wrote the first volume of a great history. I had a large family to provide for, and the family could not postpone its dinner to meet the requirements of genius; so it was the history that had to wait.

I always intended to write it—that, or something equally important. There are many forms in which a masterpiece may be written. Sometimes I thought of a tragedy, but that was sure not to pay; and Shakespeare has killed the drama in England—no room for any little stars with that sun shining in the sky. Then I thought of a novel; but novels have become so common, almost vulgar; everybody writes them. Then I thought of epic poetry, or a work on philosophy, or a social satire, or—in fact, anything would do, as a mere vehicle for the conveyance of genius. My wife remarked that the form was immaterial; the fact of the substance being there was the important thing; and I felt that she was right. I had no idea, however, that I should become an illustration of Mr. Matthew Arnold's *dictum* as to the proper function of the age, and that my great work, my successful work, would be one of criticism.

I was in no hurry to begin the great task of my life; I waited for the maturity of my powers; but it came at last to be understood by everybody that I should produce something important before long. In the mean time one or two preliminary things which I attempted in the direction of permanent literature did not bring to me the popularity or remuneration which I might have expected. They cost me money, in fact; and my friends rarely referred to them, or seemed to remember them. They always asked, "When is

your great work coming out, Rodney?" as if they knew of nothing which was out already.

Still I picked up a living somehow or other, though it was more by means of working at odds and ends of literature than by the making of real books. I was known as a useful man who could fill an empty corner, where no signature was wanted, very respectably. I could be relied upon to supply an anecdote, to look up a subject for a hasty article, or to run off across the kingdom at an hour's notice to make a report. I got plenty of work therefore which brought me profit, though it did not add to my fame. It threw me also in the way of a great many distinguished people, and gave me an opportunity of observing, again and again, how little the distinction of many of them was deserved, and how a mere chance had lifted them to a position which I and others of the great unrecognized could not reach. I used to note down these observations as I made them, and it gave me a grim satisfaction to look out my old diaries from time to time, and see there the records of the follies and inanities of men whom the world applauded. I read them to my wife also on rare occasions, and she would sigh a little as she listened, and wish that the world would not continue so blind to my merits. She was a very good wife to me, but not so economical as Carlyle's, and she did not keep the house as quiet as I should have liked; she was rather weak in her treatment of the children. Perhaps this was the reason that I never wrote a "French Revolution."

When our children were some of them grown up (one daughter, in fact, being married) my great work was still not begun, and our pecuniary affairs were as unsatisfactory as ever. We were a little behind in our bills, as usual, and I had been compelled to renew the mortgage on our house (which belonged to my wife) instead of paying it off, as I had intended to do if I had found time for my first volume somewhat sooner. The mortgagee was getting troublesome too; houses were down in the market, many standing empty, and he complained that we were letting ours drop into absolute ruin for want of repair. He should like to put his money on something securer. I explained to him that while I had his interest to pay I could not afford to spend anything on the house, but the explanation did not seem to satisfy him. I suggested to my son-in-law (who was rich) that he should buy the house from us, put it in repair, and let us

rent it; but he did not seem to like the notion. Perhaps he felt doubtful about the rent; I should have been so in his place.

Something had to be done, however. I was having an idle time. Nobody seemed to want my services anywhere. There were no vacant corners in magazines. Every page was filled up by papers with big signatures at the end of them. Here was an opportunity to begin my masterpiece. Unluckily, my family was, as usual, watching the operations of my pen with hungry eyes; there was no time to wait for a whole volume; it was necessary to think of something immediate, and something turned up. It came in the shape of Lord Selcover, who was going on a hunting expedition into the heart of Africa. He intended to make a big concern of it, and had already engaged an artist to do the sketches of his adventures and discoveries. He offered me the post of literary man of the party, to record events, and help him to prepare a book for publication afterwards. In consideration of the danger of the excursion half my fee was to be paid before I started, so that my family might be provided for in my absence.

This seemed an opportunity not to be thrown away. My wife objected to the distance and the danger; but the necessity of a continuation of the daily family dinner was acknowledged to be inevitable, and to the pressure of this most persistent circumstance the interests of my masterpiece had to yield once more.

My adventures in Africa were remarkable enough, but it is not my purpose to narrate them here. Other persons have had adventures quite as remarkable, whereas my experience after my return is, so far as I know, *my* experience alone, no one else having gone through the same. Somebody else will very likely go through it in the future, the progress of probabilities tending in that direction, but nobody has done so yet. When I went out to Africa I was a poor man, with multitudes of acquaintances who all wished me well (I had such a reputation for usefulness and good-nature!); when I came back I found myself comparatively rich, and apparently without a single friend.

Lord Selcover has published an account of our adventures in Africa, with a handsome tribute to my personal worth (suppressed in a later edition), but a very insufficient acknowledgment of his obligations to me in the literary department of his book. With regard to that book I

wish to point out two things. First, that there is an error on the three hundred and fifth page, in which I am stated to have died of fever at Manzamzavaboo, and there been buried by a faithful native servant (afterwards brought to England, to be feasted and rewarded by my wife—I wish I could meet that native!), for I did not die, and I never was buried, as I am here now to testify. Secondly, I beg the reader to notice the difference of style between the pages preceding this erroneous statement and those following it, the explanation being that Lord Selcover had the use of my notes and journals in preparing his book up to the date of my supposed death. Afterwards he hadn't. Further comment is unnecessary.

I was left at Manzamzavaboo by my companions, sick of a fever, and in the care of a native servant. I was to follow the rest of the party to their next halting-place when sufficiently recovered. My recovery was slow, and my servant took fright. He was unaware of the nature of Englishmen, and imagined that we had been abandoned by our friends far from his native kraal. He thought the matter over, and one fine evening (the weather always is favorable on these occasions) he decamped with those things which he had been taught to consider the most valuable of my belongings, my medicines and my manuscripts. When he overtook my friends (who were just thinking of sending to inquire why I did not come on), he told a deplorable tale of my illness and his devotion, of the unkindness of the chief of the village where we were left, of his desperate flight with me through the jungle, of my failing by the way, of his efforts to save me, of my gratitude to him and dying recommendation of him to my friends. He described the exact situation of my grave, and delivered up my notes and journals.

I suppose my friends were sorry, but they did not go back to put up a tombstone. My admirable native gave them such an account of the war which had broken out behind them and overwhelmed whole villages with desolation, that they decided to press forward and leave the unhappy country to its fate.

I soon guessed what had happened when my native servant disappeared with my belongings, and I heard no more of my friends; but I found myself in a very awkward position, and it took me months to make my way alone out of that savage country to the seacoast, civilization, and ships. I did not telegraph to anybody

when I reached a telegraph station. I felt inclined to appear unannounced, and to see what had happened.

I landed at Plymouth, and the first person I ran against was my old friend Dick Hodgson. He looked at me with perplexity and without recognition at first, then something like surprise and a comical dismay came over his face as he exclaimed, "By Jove, if it isn't Tom Rodney! Then you're not dead, after all?"

"Apparently not," I replied testily, "and I should rather like a welcome from the first friend I meet after months among the savages. Can't you say you're glad to see me?"

"Of course I am!" and he put out his hand with cordiality; "but it's a queer experiment coming back from the dead like this, you know. Seen anybody but me?"

"Not a creature," I said, disturbed by his manner. "Perhaps something is wrong. You can tell me whether they are all well at home. I am terribly anxious to hear."

"Oh, yes, they are all well. First-rate, in fact; I heard the other day. Nothing wrong; certainly not."

"You are an old friend, Hodgson; you will know whether they have been in money difficulties through my prolonged absence."

"Not in the least; quite the contrary, I should say." He spoke with a little embarrassment, and I thought that his face was rather redder than it used to be.

"That is strange," I remarked; "but I suppose that Selcover would behave handsomely."

"Oh, no doubt; no doubt he would. Quite so. Selcover would be certain to come down handsomely. Of course."

Then there was a pause. We looked at one another, and Dick's face grew a little redder. Perhaps the sea air did it.

"Are you staying here?" I asked, expecting an invitation to go with him.

"Yes, down here with my wife. Well, good-bye, glad to have seen you again,"—and he made off in a mighty hurry, as if afraid of the consequences of lingering longer.

I had never liked his wife (though I had carefully concealed this fact from her observation), and I now put down to her fault his want of hospitality. It was her influence that had changed him. Yet somehow or other I felt chilled by the encounter, in spite of this explanation. I did not fancy any more surprises, and I telegraphed to my club in London that

I should arrive shortly; also to my son-in-law, to appoint a meeting with him.

On reaching my son-in-law's office I found him waiting for me, but his countenance was gloomy in the extreme. There was no enthusiasm of delight in his manner. I might have concluded that he was sorry to see me home again, but for the folly of such an idea. We had always been on the best of terms; it was, indeed, my parental influence which had induced Clara, his wife, to overlook sundry of his personal defects for the sake of his handsome income. I might have understood his manner if he had had any interest in my death, but the contrary was the case; for if I had never returned he might have found himself compelled to assist my half-fledged youngsters in their struggle to establish themselves. Still he was evidently displeased. He seemed to share a prevailing belief that a man who has been reported dead has no right to come to life again. He did not ask me to go home with him to see Clara; he said that he supposed I was in a hurry to get back to my family in the country. He confirmed Hodgson's news of the health and prosperity of my household, but failed to explain the latter mysterious circumstance.

"No, I don't think it was Lord Selover," he remarked gloomily; "except perhaps just at first. They'll tell you all about it."

There was about him an air of injury, of foreboding, and of reticence, which I could not fathom. Everything was outwardly right in my family affairs, but something must be inwardly wrong to explain the dark looks, the hints, and the reserve which I seemed destined to encounter in unexpected places.

I left him to go to my club. On my way I met several of my acquaintances. One or two of them did not seem to see me. Of the others one spoke to me coldly and said he had an engagement elsewhere; a second looked at me with unmistakable dismay, and remarked, "I say, but this is a thing, you know," refusing to explain himself further; and a third greeted me with kindness but regarded me with evident compassion. I could endure the suspense no longer.

"I am sure something is wrong at home, Jones," I said in agitation, "but no one will tell me what it is."

"Oh, nothing wrong, I assure you," said Jones; "nothing that I know of."

"But everybody looks at me as if I had not a right to come back, as if I had injured somebody by coming back, as if I

should find it out presently, and be sorry I had done it. My wife is well, my children are all well, so I am assured; and nobody belonging to me has done wrong or got into money difficulties. It must be something strange or unusual. Tell me what it is, Jones."

Jones twirled his moustache, and told me I must fancy things.

"I fancy the strangest things while I am kept in the dark. Tell me the truth, Jones. Has my wife—married again?" I faltered, bringing my worst surmise ruthlessly to the front.

"Married again! Good gracious! That old—ahem! Nothing of the sort, I assure you. What could have put such a notion into your head?"

"She is not even engaged to be married?" I persisted.

"Not a whisper of it. Why, man, you've not been dead—supposed to be, I should say, for twelve months yet."

"Then what *does* it mean?"

"Look here, Rodney, hadn't you better get home and find out about your own affairs from your own people instead of running about London asking everybody you meet what's happened to you since you were last alive?"

"I'm on my way to my own people," I answered testily, "and it's the odd look of everybody that makes me ask these questions. I might be Rip Van Winkle by the way I'm forgotten, or greeted by those kind enough to recollect me."

"Ah, well, it's an experiment, you know, coming back in this sort of fashion."

"I suppose I ought to have stayed in Africa, because some one happens to have said that I died there?" I suggested scoffingly.

"No, no," he remonstrated, "some fellows might tell you it would have been wisest; but I don't go as far as that. You'll pull through, no doubt, and live it down."

"Pull through my friends' welcome, I presume you mean, for I can find out nothing else that's wrong," I answered him in some indignation; and so I left him.

I went on to the club, no longer prepared for the enthusiastic greeting to which I had at first looked forward. What a change a few months had made in the national habits! People seemed to have forgotten how to shake hands in England, and every man was so absorbed in his own affairs that the return of a friend from the dead hardly awakened any interest.

As I entered my club the Rip Van Winkle feeling increased. I seemed a stranger there and an interloper. A mysterious change had fallen over my intimates. Laughing men looked solemn, cordial men looked cool, curious men were unusually absorbed in their own occupations. Some of them nodded to me casually, more of them did not lift their heads or turn my way; a sort of silence fell on them all as I went in, and a sense of embarrassment. Only one came forward to greet me. "So you've got back again. Heard of it this morning. Not killed after all. Droll mistake to make. Regular hot water and all that. But I suppose it pays. Most fellows have to wait till they get nothing by it themselves. You're in luck there."

He was a man whom I knew very slightly, and his manner seemed to me impertinent. I did not understand in the least what he meant, but I would not descend to inquire. I turned round and walked out of the club; for the sight of one of my oldest friends with his head hidden behind an immense newspaper, and a distinct assertion, "Nothing is happening that interests me," in the attitude of his legs, was quite too much for me.

At the door I met Lord Selcover coming in. To my astonishment he put up his eyeglass and stared at me for a moment. Then he went on his way without any sign of recognition.

This was the worst of all, and the most incomprehensible. The man who owed me every reparation for his careless desertion, the man in whose service I had suffered and was supposed to have died, who ought to have met me with apology, congratulation, and welcome, cut me in the coolest and most public manner at our first encounter!

I could not demand an explanation then and there. I was too much mystified and doubtful of my own senses. I remembered the advice of Jones and hurried off to the station, determined to risk no more encounters until I reached home.

II.

I TRAVELED with strangers, and felt glad that it so happened. A friend had become an object of dread to me. Arrived at the home railway station I was pleased to find the officials as pleasant and respectful as ever. One or two of my poorer neighbors also, whom I met as I walked to the house, greeted me with kindly looks. I began to feel more cheerful, and to believe that I had left my

nightmare — whatever it was — behind me.

Near the house I overtook and passed the mortgagee of the place. I remembered that my son-in-law had said something which implied that he had given my wife no trouble in my absence. I stopped therefore to thank him for his consideration. He took my thanks rather oddly, and seemed embarrassed by them. I concluded that he was a modester man than I had imagined.

Arrived at my own gate I was surprised to see the air of neatness and prosperity about the establishment. Some repairs had evidently been executed. The garden was in perfect order. A new set of tennis nets and balls encumbered the lawn. It was clear that my family was at any rate not suffering from lack of money. Lord Selcover's generosity must have been immense to justify such extravagance on the part of my wife; and how could immense generosity be compatible with his greeting of me? He could not have supposed that I had intentionally cheated him. Here was the mystery again, but in a pleasanter form than that in which it had met me in London.

The maid who opened the front door for me of course rushed away with a shriek, although she knew that I was expected that day, my son-in-law having written, on the receipt of my telegram, to break the news to my wife; but people of that class never can deny themselves the luxury of a good fright. She explained afterwards that she "couldn't but think it was master's ghost after all," when she saw me standing on the steps. She was the same maid that we had had before I left home, but her appearance was altered as much as that of the house; her cap was neater, her apron more pretentious; she had no longer the slovenly and casual air of one conscious of overdue wages, and more proficient in the art of bringing in impertinent messages from the tradespeople than in that of receiving distinguished visitors with politeness. I could see this, in spite of her hasty departure.

I made my way on to the dining-room unannounced, and there I found my eldest son sitting with the young lady to whom he was engaged. Willie received me pretty much as I might have expected him to do, with a mixture of awkwardness, affection, and self-assertion. He had been having fine times in my absence, as the head of the house and the idol of his mother, and he might well feel ag-

grieved that this position should be snatched from him. But there was no mystery about him. He was frank and natural enough.

I turned to Lucinda. Her very presence in the house was a sign of my wife's extravagance at a time when she ought to have been husbanding her resources to the utmost, entertaining no visitors, and arranging for the future. But I had always been good to Lucinda. I had treated her as a daughter, in spite of the imprudence of Willie in forming an engagement so young, when he scarcely earned enough (in the City office in which I had placed him) to pay his own expenses. Therefore I smiled paternally on the young lady and advanced to greet her with the usual kiss. To my surprise she retreated, put her hands before her face, and said, half crying, "No, I can't; I can't indeed. I don't know how you can *expect* me to." Then she fled precipitately from the room. I looked at Willie in amazement. But he gave me no explanation.

"I think you oughtn't to mind," was all he said; "of course it's likely that she will feel like that. I'll go and tell mother you're here."

When I met my wife I felt that I had cruelly wronged her in imagining that she could have anything to do with the mysterious unpleasantness hanging over me. She might have been extravagant and thoughtless in my absence, but she was full of rapturous delight at my return. To her I was everything that I had ever been, and a hero into the bargain. I could hardly get her to believe that I had not actually been buried and dug my way out of my grave with my own hands.

"What you *have* gone through!" she sighed sympathetically. "How can we ever make up to you for what you have suffered?"

I did not like to trouble her in the first joy of our meeting by any reference to the unkindness of my London acquaintances, nor to vex her by any hints as to her own superfluous expenditure. She assured me that the children were all well, and that she was not in want of money.

"I may say that we are better off than we ever were," she remarked, "and it is all your cleverness. I always felt sure that some day or other you would do it."

I did not understand her, for I thought she could not have always felt sure I should be left for dead in Africa; but as there seemed no cause for anxiety, and no need to take immediate action, I was

willing to defer all explanations until the next day.

"I ought to have gone out to dinner this evening," my wife remarked, "to the Simpsons', but of course I shall send an excuse now." She was saved the trouble, however; for a few minutes afterwards a note was put into her hand which she read with satisfaction.

"How very considerate of them!" she said; "they have sent to say they won't expect me."

"Rather odd of them to take the initiative," I observed, and put out my hand for the note. "Dear Mrs. Rodney," so it ran, "we have heard of the fortunate return of your husband, and feel sure that you will not like to leave him in order to keep your engagement with us. We have therefore decided to put off our little dinner for the present. With congratulations, yours sincerely, Amelia Simpson."

"I wonder they didn't ask me to go too," I remarked with a doubtful laugh; "perhaps they were afraid I might do it without asking, so they sent this preventive."

"Nonsense, Tom. The Simpsons have been very kind, not like some people."

"Everybody has not been kind then?"

"Some people are *so* jealous. And you have been so much talked about," said my wife with placidity. I did not press the subject further, though it struck me as curious that any fellow's friends should be jealous of the fame achieved by that fellow's death among strangers in a savage country.

I was glad to be once more in my own comfortable home — more comfortable than ever, with the chairs re-covered, and a new hearth-rug — within sight of my smiling wife and delighted children (Lucinda keeping in the background with Willie), and not inclined to hurry into an unpleasant topic which had no urgency.

The next morning I slept late. When I got down-stairs my son had already gone off to town, and my wife was busy with a dressmaker.

"With the crape taken off and a little colored trimming, you could wear it perfectly well," the woman was declaring as I looked into the door of my wife's special room. There was an unmistakable widow's bonnet on a chair, and a very handsome black silk dress spread to its full length before the thoughtful eyes of my wife and her professional adviser. I decided not to interrupt them, and went into the garden to look round.

Here my impression of neatness and

general improvement was confirmed. Everywhere there was a change, and a change for the better. My wife's clothing and that of my children had alone the old shabby, worn-too-long look, but this was now accounted for by the fact that they had hurriedly put off their new black clothes to receive me. Other things indicated the presence of money; they also indicated the absence of me. When I opened my wardrobe it was full of my daughter's dresses; when I went to my writing-table I found the top drawer crammed with letters in a fine writing, signed Lucinda; my son's razors were in my dressing-case, and my private box of cigars was quite empty. These things I was prepared to note with philosophy; my return had been sudden, and my wife had not had time to clear away all the evidences of my having been supposed to be done with which were certain to have accumulated in my absence. She was beginning valiantly with the dressmaker; and I was willing to appreciate her efforts, and to shut my eyes to trifles which she could not desire me to see. What I could not understand was the air of renovation in the establishment itself, and the absence of any new furrows of anxiety in the countenance of its mistress.

From the garden I strolled into the road, and then it occurred to me that I might as well go on and call on one or two neighbors who lived close at hand, and who would certainly be glad to see me. They had nothing to do with London or literature, and could not be jealous of the fame I had involuntarily acquired. I was yearning for some of that warm welcome and enthusiastic interest which my adventures ought to have secured for me.

At the first two houses my friends were not at home. I knew their habits, and was surprised at this. I went on to a third house, and there I was shown into the drawing-room and allowed to wait a long time. Sundry books were lying on the table, and I amused myself by looking into these. Three handsomely bound and rather thick volumes attracted my attention. I took one up and opened it. My own name stared at me from the title-page, and underneath I saw the magic words, "Fifth Edition."

None of my surprises had been equal to this. I felt like one in a dream. Here was my great work evidently written, printed, published, and successful, and I could remember nothing about it! Could my African fever have destroyed my mem-

ory? Had I, before I left home, achieved the long-contemplated masterpiece, and left it in the publisher's hands? Impossible! A mother may forget her sucking child, but an author cannot forget the fruit of his brains, the offspring of his genius. My genius had been childless, of that I was certain, and yet—three bulky volumes, closely printed, and "Fifth Edition" on the title-page!

I was so much dazed by the sight of my own name and those two most unexpected words underneath it—two words significant of fame and fortune in my chosen world—that it did not occur to me for a moment to look at the title of the book itself. I began to turn over the pages instead. I caught sight of names that I well knew, and plunged into the middle of an anecdote. Could I ever have written this? And if I had been so ill-advised as to put it on paper, by what misfortune had it got into the printer's hands?

"The editor of *Scandal* is a man whose own life would sell half-a-dozen numbers of his paper if he would consent to relate the disreputable side of it,"—why, that very editor had been one of my most reliable employers in the past; he would never print a paragraph of mine again! And what came next? "The meanness of Lord Selcover in money matters is notorious. If he has not inherited the apron of his shop-keeping grandfather, he has kept the calculating faculties and the grasping disposition of that immediate ancestor unimpaired."

I felt myself going hot and cold. No wonder that I had been cut at the club and passed unnoticed in the London streets. I cast my eye to the top of the page, and saw printed there, "The Diary and Recollections of the late Thomas Rodney."

This then was my great work, and the one by which I was to be known to the world! It had had a large sale; I understood now why my wife had a full pocket; but it must have alienated from me every friend I had in the world. I had prided myself on my shrewdness of observation, on my quickness in detecting the faults of my acquaintances, and I had amused myself by noting these down for my own edification, and for my consolation in moments when I realized that I was undervalued by the world. Now they were all printed and published; my comments on Mrs. Simpson's bad dinners, my references to Lucinda's false hair and scheming ways, my disgust at my son-in-law's

bad manners and want of polish. I turned over page after page, and read with a terrible interest all that I had recorded there. Most of the names were disguised by the use of initials only, but the disguise was a very transparent one. The greater the reputation of any person whom I mentioned, the severer was my criticism upon that person's character. I showed up the heroes as disguised cowards, and the philanthropists as secret cheats. I revealed to a delighted world the strong provincial accent of an elegant writer, and I pleasantly horrified serious people by some telling anecdotes regarding the early life of an eminent divine. No man's Greek was safe from me, and no man's home was sacred. There was nobody whom I had ever met, of any consequence in the world, about whom I had not put on record something which he would have desired to be forgotten. If any man succeeded in escaping my criticism himself, he had some one belonging to him whom I had dragged forward into unpleasant publicity. A fastidious father had a daughter who made herself ridiculous; an over-scrupulous mother had a son whose morals were too lax for a continued residence in his native country. Everybody's cupboard door was thrown open by my nimble fingers, and his household skeleton stood revealed on my caustic pages.

I was so much absorbed in my reading that I did not notice the entrance of my friend, and I was only aroused by the remark, "Terribly interesting, is it not? Everybody finds it so."

I looked round with a start, and saw that my friend had taken a seat behind me, and was watching me with an expression of intense amusement. I stared at him blankly. I did not know what to say, for I had just read an anecdote to the effect that his house was dirty, and his habits inhospitable. "He ought to be thought of with indulgence," so I had concluded, "because he so seldom asks any one to taste his very bad wine." My thumb was on the paragraph, and I had not the presence of mind to remove it.

"Ah, I see where you are — page 216, vol. i. Capital fun, isn't it? My copy always opens there. Everybody's copy has a place where it opens naturally, and they are all different. Our friends look it up when they come to see us. I put a marker in mine to save time. It's had a roaring sale, that book has. Everybody recommended it to somebody else; it was a revenge and a relief to one's own feelings. 'Have you seen Rodney's book,

and how he cuts into So-and-so?' Then the fellow would get it in a hurry and find himself there. Ha! ha!"

I put the book down slowly and with difficulty. It seemed to stick to my fingers, so that it followed them as I took them away, and fell with a crash to the floor. "It was never intended for publication," I succeeded in saying.

"For publication! of course not. But nobody knew that you had it in you to do it at all — a feeble sort of good-natured fellow like you! Your wife's made money by it, I suppose; paid the mortgage off your house and invested a lot, so they say."

"Then Lord Selcover did not find the money?"

"No, Lord Selcover had a row with them to begin with; kept your journal and papers all to himself, said it was in the contract. Your death and those journals sold *his* book fast enough, but this one has quite put it out of court."

"He deserves what I said of him," I declared; "but there was nothing in those journals like this!"

"No, there wasn't. Well, how do you enjoy your welcome home? Everybody glad to see you?" And the fellow grinned in an ecstasy of enjoyment.

"I have only just discovered this," I answered abruptly, with my hand on the second volume, "and I think I had better go home."

"Perhaps you are wise; I can't ask you to lunch. I don't mind for myself, but my wife wouldn't stand it. She has never got over that about the dirty house. Our servants have had a sad time since; and it's the very same wine, I intend to stick to it now; famous brand." He showed me off the premises with the air of a man enjoying a capital joke.

When I reached home I sought an interview with my wife. I tore her abruptly from the occupation of superintending the removal of Lucinda's travelling-trunks from my dressing-room into which they had mysteriously intruded.

"So you have published my diaries and private notes," I said to her with a groan.

"Yes, dear, and they have had *such* a sale and brought us in heaps of money. When Lord Selcover behaved so badly about your African journals and got all the profit of them — a great deal more than he paid us altogether — people said to me it was such a pity that there was nothing else of yours to be published for my benefit. I knew that you were always taking notes of things, and that they were

so clever, so shrewd, as people say. So I showed them to a publisher, and he said they would sell like wildfire if brought out at once. And so they did, to be sure, and made you quite famous, and relieved me of all anxiety."

"But the personal allusions, those should have been left out."

"Well, some one did suggest it; but the publisher said the market value of the book would be destroyed. We were very careful not to print names when it was better not, and I am sure it is wonderful how nobody can contradict anything that is in the book. It was so clever of you to find out so much!"

"Why was I not told at once, yesterday?"

"Well, Willie would have it that you would be angry, so I left it for a little. But I was sure you would not, because you never wrote anything, or could write anything, of which you would be ashamed."

I did not know what to answer, but I sighed a little.

"You always intended to write a great work," my wife went on, "and now it is done, and no trouble, and it has made a little fortune for us; and you ought not to mind what jealous people say. People are always jealous of a great man."

"I am afraid my success has driven me out of England forever," was all I could answer her.

And so it proved to be. I had not a real friend left, but I had made a thousand enemies. Every opening was closed to me, every door was kept shut in my face. There was not a house except my own in which I could sit down and feel that I was welcome. Even my son turned sulky because Lucinda quarrelled with him on my account. They had a stormy interview before her departure, which took place the day after my return.

"I forgave him when I thought he was dead, but now that he is alive I ca-an't." So I heard her sobbing through the open door as I went down the passage.

"He didn't mean you," said Willie valiantly.

"Who could he mean by 'the calculating little simpleton with somebody else's hair,' except me?" wept Lucinda.

"It's uncommonly hard on a fellow to have to go through this sort of thing," Willie said to me reproachfully afterwards. "I don't know anybody else whose

father ever put him into such a hole. When people go in for being dead and all that, they don't usually make any bother afterwards!"

I thought the remark unfeeling, but I was prepared to make allowance for the awkwardness of the boy's position.

My married daughter Clara came over to see me, and her visit did not give me unmitigated pleasure.

"I am *very* glad you are alive and at home," she assured me with an air of injury, "but I can *never* ask you to my house any more. I had to make Edward *promise* to say nothing to you that first day in town. He is *certain* that that remark about the broken-nosed young man with the vulgar manners refers to him. And though I am *sure* you would never write of him in that way—for his nose is hardly crooked at all and his manners quite good—I don't think mamma ought to have let that sentence be published. But she is so blind and so careless, she never notices anything!"

Many people who had forbore to quarrel with my wife on my account now turned their backs upon both of us. Sundry threats reached me of impending prosecutions for libel, and my position was altogether an unenviable one.

I got out of it as soon as I could. My son-in-law bought my house in the hope of facilitating my departure from England; I sold my goods, left my son to be married to his Lucinda, and carried off my wife and younger children to Australia. The threats of prosecution came to nothing; nobody liked to take the initiative. My account of my late adventures in Africa sold well, following the masterpiece, and I was told by the publisher that further books of travel would be favorably looked upon.

I shall have to spend the rest of my life as a traveller. Nobody who knows me will have anything to do with me. Wherever I go my book follows me, both visibly in its stout volumes, and invisibly in its influence. It is only as a nameless stranger that I can get welcome or admittance anywhere. No beauty is so certain of her charms, no sage is so confident of his wisdom, as voluntarily to risk an interview with me. My book has brought me fame and fortune certainly; but it seems to have made me, for the rest of my life, a social outcast.

From The Contemporary Review.
JOHN BUNYAN.

WE are somewhat late in noticing Mr. Brown's life of Bunyan.* As the minister for more than twenty years of the church of which Bunyan was minister, and the guardian of all relics and memorials of him, Mr. Brown may truly say that he was marked out for the work. He has done it exhaustively, and in his volume we probably have before us all that is to be known about the tinker of Bedford, who has contributed perhaps as much as any one since the fishermen of Galilee to the religious life of the world. In the days of Bunyan and Shakespeare, unfortunately, biography was in its infancy, and nobody took pains to preserve materials for the lives of eminent men. But Mr. Brown has evidently fished up from the depths of time all that could be fished up about the man; and of the environment — religious, political, social, and topographical — he has given us as complete and minute a picture as the most diligent and loving care could give. He truly says that in the development even of the most original genius the environment counts for much. Only let us remember, what the writers of pretended lives of Christ seem to forget, that a mere knowledge of the environment is not a knowledge of the man.

Bunyan's writings have formed the subject of commentaries and essays immensely exceeding themselves in aggregate bulk, and all the fine things which could be said about them have been said. There are two things, however, with which, in reading them once more in connection with Mr. Brown's biography, we are specially struck.

One is the entire absence of fanaticism. Bunyan believes that the world is evil, and that the Christian must separate himself from it; but in this he was like the other Christians of his time, and indeed of all times down to the present. He believes that there is a wrath to come, and that we must flee from it; but so do the pope and the Archbishop of Canterbury. Not only is there no fanaticism, but there is hardly even anything sectarian in his writings; saving one or two passages about the pope, they might almost have been used by Francis of Assisi, to whose spiritual character that of Bunyan has a certain affinity. The "Pilgrim's Prog-

ress" is simple Christianity of primitive type, and almost as unadulterated and unsophisticated by secular learning or science, as it was in its Galilean birthplace. Above all, there is not the faintest trace of the Antinomianism which was the source of moral disturbance in the Reformation period, as extreme materialism is likely to be that of the Revolution. That a saint might keep a seraglio because Solomon had one, lie because the godly midwives of Egypt lied, and defraud because Jacob defrauded, is "an opinion not fit to be with any allowance in the world." Bunyan's religion is thoroughly moral and practical. Great knowledge of Gospel mysteries is not a sufficient sign of grace; knowledge without doing is naught. "To know is a thing which pleaseth talkers and boasters; but to do is that which pleaseth God." Such is the strain throughout. If there is any taint, it is that of spiritual militancy, which is inseparable from the nature of the allegory. There is no real similarity between struggling against the evil in your own heart and fighting an armed assailant. A series of physical efforts and encounters must be in some measure misleading as a representation of the progress of spiritual light, and it was likely to be particularly misleading in the case of any saint who had been in arms for the cause, and had learned to think less of conduct and self-control than of smiting the enemies of God.

Bunyan himself was not likely to be so misled, in spite of his brief experience of war, which, by the way, Mr. Brown has shown pretty clearly to have been undergone in the camp of the Parliament — not, as Mr. Froude imagines, in that of the king. For the second thing that strikes us is the perfect political quietism of this victim of Restoration tyranny. That of the apostles was not more complete. "Take heed," he says, "of being offended with magistrates, because by their statutes they may cross thy inclinations. It is given them to bear the sword, and a command is to thee, if thy heart cannot acquiesce with all things, with meekness and patience to suffer; above all, get thy conscience possessed more and more with this, that the magistrate is God's ordinance and is ordered of God as such, that he is the minister of God to thee for good, and that it is thy duty to fear him and to pray for him, as both Paul and Peter admonish us; and that not only for wrath but for conscience' sake." Put king for magistrate, as Bunyan practically did, and

* John Bunyan: his Life, Times, and Work. By John Brown, B.A., Minister of the Church at Bunyan Meeting, Bedford. With illustrations by Edward Whymper. London: Wm. Isbister.

this would have satisfied Filmer. It is true that Bunyan came after the civil war, and when political and militant Puritanism had been overthrown. It is true also that, had he belonged to the preceding period, he would have had infinitely more affinity to George Fox than to Cromwell or Ireton. Still, he had received provocation at the hands of the powers of this world greater than in these days would suffice to make a man a revolutionist, or even a Nihilist. There can be no doubt as to the cruelty of the persecution which Nonconformists suffered at the hands of Clarendon and the bishops. Neale vouches a careful inquirer for the statement that the total number of Nonconformists who perished in the jails, which no Howard had visited, and which then, and for a century afterwards, were horribly ill-kept, noisome, and pestilential, was five thousand. This estimate appears totally incredible; but it appears that the Quakers actually made out a list of three hundred and fifty victims belonging to their own sect alone. Those who died must have been a small proportion of those who were imprisoned, while the loss of property to Nonconformists by fines, and the disturbance of their industry, must have been great. Nor was there any valid excuse of a political kind for the persecutions. The general enthusiasm amidst which Charles had been restored was a sufficient pledge for the security of his government. Venner's insurrection, headed by a bewildered cooper, not only was purely local, but was a mere flash in the pan, and simply served to show the total absence of any general spirit of insurrection. Of the suggestion that the danger revealed by it might justify the imprisonment of Bunyan Mr. Brown summarily disposes by pointing out that Bunyan was imprisoned before Venner's insurrection took place. Cromwell's old soldiers never stirred. We can see no political reason why Charles should not have fulfilled the expectations held out at Breda. No more disturbance occurred in dioceses, such as that of Lincoln, where the bishops were less cruel, than in those of persecuting bishops like Sheldon and Ward. It is true that Bunyan's confinement seems to have been comparatively mild; the magistrates in his district appear to have been to some extent in sympathy with the Puritanism of the people; the Bedford jail, though dismal, was not overcrowded or noisome, and once, in a sort of legal interval between two terms of imprisonment, the prisoner was allowed to be absent on

parole. But twelve years taken from the prime of life and dragged out in jail were enough, without any added suffering from filth, stench, or jail fever, to make the iron enter very deep into the victim's soul. Then there were the separation from his family, and his fears as to what might befall them in his absence: —

The parting with my wife and four children hath often been to me in this place as the falling of my flesh from my bones; and that, not only because I am somewhat too fond of these great mercies, but because I should have often brought to my mind the many hardships, miseries, and wants that my poor family was like to meet with should I be taken from them, especially my poor blind child, who lay nearer my heart than all I had besides. Oh, the thought of the hardships I thought my blind one would go under would break my heart to pieces.

It is perfectly true, as has been sagaciously remarked, that Bunyan might at any time have purchased freedom and immunity by the renunciation of his religious mission. So at any time might the Apostles. Bunyan, at all events, could not be expected to see his own case in the light in which it is seen at the present day by the worldly politician, or by a critic who assumes that character; to him his imprisonment must have appeared a cruel wrong, perpetrated by the enemies of God's truth, and when we find that in all those years of suffering he not only did not become revolutionary or rebellious, but that he contracted not the slightest feeling of enmity against the government, we must conclude that there was nothing in the mere creed of Nonconformity which could tend to make any man an irreconcilable: "As I walked through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a place where there was a den, and I laid me down in that place to sleep, and as I slept I dreamed a dream." This would hardly have been the only notice which an irreconcilable would have taken of a twelve years' imprisonment for his opinions.

"Irreconcilable" is the epithet which an eminent writer thinks most exactly descriptive of the character of Cromwell. Cromwell's character was very far from being of so mild and meek a type as that of Bunyan. Yet we conceive that even to Cromwell the epithet irreconcilable, instead of being singularly applicable, is singularly unsuited. There is not the slightest reason, as it seems to us, for supposing that Cromwell desired a revolution either political or ecclesiastical.

Of the classical republicanism which had a few representatives among the Parliamentarians he had not a trace. All that he wanted was not to be harried into Neo-Catholicism and deprived of the religious teaching which to him was the bread of spiritual life. If the king had let his religion alone there would have been no more loyal or obedient subject. It is not likely that he would even have raised his hand against Laud, had Laud used the commonest charity or discretion in his innovations, and paid some respect to the national sentiment; had he simply abstained from suppressing the lecturers who were the chosen ministers of the people, and whose preaching might have been the safety-valve of the State Church. When Cromwell did take the sword he fought for victory. In this he was perfectly right, and the aristocratic generals who did not fight for victory were entirely in the wrong. In victory alone was there any hope either of reaping the fruits of the war or of a stable peace. Charles's conduct at Carisbrooke showed that no agreement could bind him, and if he had been half conquered he could at once have looked round for the means of renewing the struggle. He had been possessed by his bishops with the idea that his supreme power was God's ordinance, and that God's ordinance must and would be fulfilled. But anything less like the ways of irreconcilables or Jacobins than Cromwell's use of power there is not in history. His first measure was amnesty. His policy evidently aimed at restoring as much as he could the ancient lines of the Constitution. Had he succeeded, the result would have been a Protestant and Parliamentary monarchy, with a hereditary head, bearing either the title of king or that of protector, which was historical, and would have had a sort of counterpart in stadholder. There would have been two Houses of Parliament, though the exact shape which the Upper House would have ultimately taken is matter of conjecture. To create a new hereditary aristocracy, even supposing Cromwell to have conceived the idea, would scarcely have been possible. It is certain that there would have been no bishops, and all the mischief afterwards done by the political action of the prelacy in England, Scotland, and Ireland would have been blotted out of the book of fate. Cromwell's measure of Parliamentary reform was at once most effective and most conservative; it would have placed political power in the hands of the real

worth and intelligence of the country; and it is almost agonizing to think what the results might have been, and what the nation might have been spared, had this settlement of the franchise become permanent, instead of giving place to a revival of the old system with its rotten boroughs. It is strange that historians, in summing up the fruits of the revolution of 1688, should have failed more distinctly to notice that it left the representation unreformed, and to point out the consequences of that omission.

To denounce Cromwell as an irreconcilable in matters ecclesiastical would be flagrant ingratitude on the part of those Liberal Conservatives of the Stanley and Arnold school whose special bugbear is narrow sectarianism, and who hope to preserve the Church establishment by comprehension; for Cromwell was the first statesman and the last who adopted comprehension as his principle; he did this, according to Baxter, a not very friendly critic, with remarkable success; and it is on his lines that, if reform is to take that direction, reformers will have to move. Among those who held "tolerable opinions," so as to make it practicable to embrace them in the comprehension, Cromwell could not possibly have included the Roman Catholics, who, it is needless to repeat, were not mere religious sectaries, but liegemen, more or less active, of a foreign, hostile, and desperately aggressive power, bent on the destruction of all Protestant communities, and using as engines for this purpose, without scruple or disguise, war international and civil, and not only war, but assassination. We sit at our ease, and criticise the act of Christian fighting against Apollyon for his own life and for ours. Liberty of conscience Cromwell gave to Roman Catholics, while they, wherever they had the power, were invading the sanctuary of conscience with the rack. To tolerate the mass was for him not possible, much less was it possible to include Roman Catholics in a State Church. If he would have had anything to do with them, they would have had nothing to do with him. They defy comprehension, as Dean Stanley would have found, and his disciples will find, if they try to carry his policy of an all-comprehending State Church into effect. Nor are the Ritualists likely to prove much less of a stumbling-block if they cling to the apostolical succession and to the High Church theory of the sacraments. The eucharistical celebration, according to the Roman Catholic

and the Ritualist alike, is a miracle, the power of performing which is vested in the priest by virtue of his ordination, and which is essential to spiritual life ; and it is difficult to see how any one who does not believe in the miracle can take part in the celebration. The prelatists also Cromwell was obliged to exclude ; they had been the movers, conscientiously it might be, of a war against the national religion and liberty ; but so long as they were quiet they were never molested by him, and we apprehend that one of the school and temper of Ussher might have kept his benefice as well as his opinions. There was no sort of dogmatic test, nor any interference even with private patronage.

Cromwell's government is supposed to have produced, by its revolutionary and fanatical character, a violent reaction which led to the enthusiastic restoration of the king and the bishops, with the play-house, the maypole, and the bull-ring. But the reaction was not against Cromwell's government ; it was against the military anarchy which ensued when Cromwell was gone. So certainly was his government taking root, in spite of the storms which assailed it, that his son succeeded without the slightest opposition ; the royalists, when they did rise, were at once put down, and both the French and the Spanish governments turned a deaf ear to the solicitations of Charles II. Even the aristocracy had begun to swallow their social antipathy, and to connect themselves with the Protector. In the day of shame, under the Restoration, the hearts of the people, as Pepys tells us, turned to the memory of Cromwell, and their hearts could not have turned to his memory if he had not made a deep impression on them in his lifetime. The reappearance of the bishops, Pepys also informs us, instead of being greeted with joyful acclamations, was received with somewhat irreverent wonder. There can be little doubt that Cromwell's Church satisfied the great body of the people.

Irreconcilable is a term borrowed from the revolution of the present day, and analogies of this kind are precarious. In every revolution or revolutionary movement there are pretty sure to be two extremes and a middle party, with the intermediate shades. But otherwise there is no real likeness between a Jacobin or a Red Republican and an Independent. The English revolution of the seventeenth century was at its core a religious movement ; the religious element came forth victorious in the person of the Inde-

pendent chief. But the revolutions of the present day are not religious. They are made chiefly by men who have discarded religion, with the hopes and compensations of a future life, and whose object is the redision of the goods or the power of this world, and the destruction of superiorities political or social ; envy, no insignificant factor in the disturbing forces of our times, playing a considerable part. The aim of the classes in which communism has its birth is at once to grasp enjoyment, or at least to prevent others from enjoying while they suffer. But in the mind of the religious enthusiast, so far as his faith is sincere, no such motive can have place ; he does not want to grasp the enjoyments of this world, nor does he envy others their possessions. He may be a fanatic, but he is not a conspirator or destroyer. His aspirations are spiritual, and even if he is a leveller, it is because he thinks equality essential to spiritual brotherhood, not because he desires a redistribution of wealth in his own interest. The sequestration of the property of malignants was simply an evil necessity of revolutionary finance, and Cromwell put a stop to it as soon as he got power into his hands. A magnificent mansion, full of objects of art and luxury, was once set on fire by an incendiary. Suspicion fell upon a workman who had been employed in repairs, and who was known to be socially malignant. If the suspicion was well founded, here was Nihilism. Had the mechanic who wrote the "Pilgrim's Progress" been employed in the repairs, he would have carried away some new ideas for his description of the Palace Beautiful.

Justice has been done to the Puritans in many respects by a number of writers, and perhaps more than justice by Carlyle. Nobody now believes that the party of Milton was devoid of culture, that the party of Hutchinson was destitute of gentlemanly manners and accomplishments, or that the originals of numberless portraits of well-dressed men with flowing locks were in the habit of wearing uncouth garments and cropping their hair. We may add that nobody after reading Mr. Brown's account of Sir Samuel Luke will suppose that the Puritans were enemies of good cheer. Mr. Gardiner in his invaluable volumes has done them the further justice of showing clearly that they were not at the outset revolutionists or even innovators, but, on the contrary, opponents of innovation. They rose to repel what they believed to be attacks

upon the established religion of the nation, and upon the fundamental laws of the realm. That the High Church and ceremonialist ordinances of Laud were innovations cannot possibly be questioned. The very fact that he found the communion table generally, if not universally, placed, not at the east end, but in the middle of the church, and treated, not as an altar but as a common table, is surely decisive on this point, inasmuch as the eucharistic sacrifice, and the treatment of that on which it is offered as an altar, are the very core of High Anglican or Neo-Catholic as well as of Roman Catholic religion. If to the Ritualist unbroken tradition is necessary as the foundation of his faith, he will have to admit that there is a fatal gap in the history of the Church of England of half a century at least during which the communion table stood in the centre of the church. Laud's enactments also reveal the general disuse of ceremonial of every kind, and the neglect of priestly vestments and of everything else that designated the priest. That there lurked in disregarded rubrics words to which the revivers of sacerdotal and ceremonial religion might legally appeal, is a poor answer to the argument derived from the general practice and preaching of the Church during so many years, unless technicalities which in any other matter would be deemed futile are valid in matters of religion. Nor can it be doubted that up to the time of Laud Calvinism had been the creed of the Church, and that the doctrine of salvation by election was incompatible with the sacramental system, and with the High Church theory altogether. High Churchmen appeal to Hooker; but Hooker is in truth a witness most fatal to their cause. By temperament he was no doubt a High Churchman, and perhaps his mind had a certain affinity to that of his affectionate High Church editor, though it was of a more masculine cast. In him whatever existed of High Church doctrine would certainly have been found; yet there is nothing in him which supports the High Church doctrine of apostolical succession or the High Church doctrine of the sacraments. His plea is not for a set of divine institutions, but for a wisely ordered "polity," and his ultimate appeal is to reason guiding to legislation of the Church and to the requirements of the religious nature. He speaks with the utmost reverence of Calvin, who to a High Churchman is a heresiarch and a Korah. Whether Laud was in the right is another question. It is easy, at all events, to

understand how his sense of order and decency must have been offended by the sluttish state into which churches built for the mass, in the course of their conversion into Protestant preaching-houses, had fallen. But his decrees were innovations — none the less so because they were reactionary; and against him the Puritans might with perfect justice plead, as they did, that they were standing in the ancient ways and defending the established faith. If anybody was revolutionary or an irreconcilable, it was Laud. Uncompromising he certainly was, as the ears of some of his opponents showed. The order issued by the Lords on the day of the archbishop's committal to the Tower directed the bishops to see that "the table should stand decently in the ancient place where it ought to do by the law, and as it hath done for the greater part of these threescore years last past." Popular resentment, unhappily, did not confine itself to the restoration of the communion table to its place, or to anything directed by an ordinance of the Lords. It broke out into iconoclasm, which every lover of ecclesiastical art and of antiquity now deplores. But the blame for this violence lies at the door of those who provoked it. Perhaps we may be obliged reluctantly to admit that, if the object was to render the return of Roman Catholicism impossible, the popular instinct was right; for mediæval art has unquestionably been the chief agency in bringing back the mediæval faith. Without beautiful churches shaped for the mass nobody would have thought of the mass again. Perhaps the destruction of the monasteries — though, as we stand among their ruins, we can hardly help cursing the destroyers — may have also been a hard necessity in its way.

The political case is more complicated. Here it was in effect a question whether supreme power, which cannot really be divided and must vest somewhere, should vest in the king or in the Parliament. The king might not unreasonably believe that it belonged to him; for that it belonged to him was implied by all the forms of the Constitution. Even the legislative power was ascribed to him by the form of acts of Parliament, though the two Houses were named as his advisers. He could not go to church without hearing prayer offered that he might exercise the supreme power righteously. Such also was the import of the language formally held by the Commons even when, by the act forbidding the Parliament to be dissolved without its own consent, they had prac-

tically grasped the sovereignty, and had begun to exercise the executive, as well as the legislative power. When war had begun they still kept up the formality of referring everything to the commands of the king, only that those commands were to be "signified by both Houses of Parliament." Under the Tudors there could be no doubt that the supreme power was practically in the king. No idea of government except the purely monarchical finds place in Shakespeare. Still there had always been Parliaments; and there could be no question that Charles had attempted to rid himself of Parliaments, and to govern alone. He therefore was the revolutionist, though in repelling the invasion the Parliament carried its aims far beyond the constitutional or traditional boundary of its domain. The fact was, that there was a fatal ambiguity in the constitution, which, when the question had once been seriously raised, hardly anything could clear up but the sword.

Cromwell's policy, as has been said, pointed to nothing Jacobinical, but to a revival of the constitution in a liberal sense, with a monarchy, Protestant and Parliamentary, and without a hierarchy. Pym, had he lived and remained master of the revolution, would no doubt have done much the same. What his plan and that of Hampden may have been is a secret buried in the graves to which each of them was too early sent down—Hampden by the bullet, Pym by the immense labor and anxiety which he had undergone. A plan we must assume them to have had. To have put forth with the ship of state on the sea of civil war, without knowing into what haven she was to be carried, would have been not only un-statesmanlike on their part, but a crime. To us it has always seemed most probable that they would have kept the monarchy but changed the dynasty, thus anticipating, so far as the political question was concerned, the settlement of 1688. There was a candidate for a Protestant crown to whom their eyes would naturally turn in the person of the young Charles Lewis, elector palatine, son of that darling of all Protestant hearts, Elizabeth, queen of Bohemia. He had been designated by voices in the crowd. Their difficulty no doubt would have been the settlement of the Church, as the great principle of toleration had then hardly dawned on any body's mind, and even such a settlement as an Established Church with tolerated Nonconformity, though it had become possible in 1688, after the co-operation of

all the Protestant Churches against the Romanizing tyranny of James II., would hardly have been accepted by any sect or party in 1641. Yet it does not seem impossible that something like Ussher's model, which was entirely congenial to the mind of Pym, might have been adopted with bishops thoroughly Protestant, as of course bishops appointed under such auspices would have been. Pym's premature death was at least as calamitous as the premature death of Mirabeau, whose position in the French Revolution and power of controlling its course have been rated at least as high as the facts warrant.

When the English Revolution broke out the dregs of fanaticism were stirred up, and very dark and revolting undoubtedly they were, though the worst of the English sectaries were rational and humane compared with the Jacobins. Not only so, but Puritanism of the higher order contracted, as it was sure to contract, narrowness and bitterness from the conflict. It is natural that liberal and comprehensive minds should turn wistfully to Falkland and the philosophic circle of Great Tew, the spirit of which was perpetuated in the Cambridge Platonists. Unfortunately Falkland and his philosophic circle at Great Tew were totally incapable of repelling the attack of Laud upon the national religion. They would themselves have been allowed to philosophize in peace, for it is perfectly true that Laud had a genuine respect for learning and culture, and that provided he could impose his darling uniformity upon the people, he was willing enough to let men of intellect speculate for themselves. When he said in the declaration prefixed to the articles in the king's name, that he would not endure any varying or departing in the least degree, he meant public and on the part of the vulgar; the closet of private erudition he would always have respected. But had he been victorious, even the closet of private erudition would have stood a poor chance of being respected in the next generation.

It seems to us that even Mr. Gardiner hardly appreciates the magnitude of the issue, or views the English conflict with sufficient reference to the great European conflict of which it was a part. Europe was divided into two great camps, that of Roman Catholicism and its associate absolutism on one side, and that of Protestantism and its associate liberty on the other. The question was, into which of those two camps England should go, and with which of the contending hosts the

lot of her destiny should be cast. Nor was it her own future alone that depended on the decision. When Wallenstein formed the siege of Stralsund, the cause of Protestantism and freedom seemed almost lost, and even after the victories of Gustavus its situation was still precarious, and the future of Europe was uncertain. Had the force of England been united to that of the Catholic monarchies, the life of the Protestant republic of Holland would have hung by a thread, as appeared when Charles II. had thrown England into the arms of France. It is true that Richelieu, though a cardinal, was a statesman, not a Churchman, and that his aim was national unity, not religious uniformity; but after Richelieu and his pupil Mazarin was to come a Louis XIV. with his Madame de Maintenon. There can be no question to which side the Stuarts belonged. The queen of James I. was a Roman Catholic, and James himself, though bred a Presbyterian, and brought personally into collision with Rome by the Popish plot, manifestly inclined in his later days to the Spanish connection. Charles, too, was married to a Roman Catholic, who had great influence over him; Charles II. was a Roman Catholic, and so with a vengeance was James II. The tendency of all of them was to absolutism and to association with the absolute monarchies of the Continent. It is true that Charles I. always professed himself a Protestant in the Anglican sense of the term, but there can surely be no doubt whether the Anglicanism of his court and Church was tending. Two of his principal ministers were Roman Catholics; intrigues went on with Rome, the author of one of which was Charles's secretary of state, of whose proceedings his master can hardly have been wholly ignorant. In his hour of danger Charles turned quite naturally to Catholics both at home and abroad for aid, though Rome was not farsighted enough to overlook his formal position as a schismatic prince and lend him her aid in his conflict with her real foes. One bishop was a Roman Catholic, and another, specially patronized by Charles, avowed that only by a single point of doctrine was he separated from Rome. Conversions to Rome were going on, especially among the ladies of the court. From the school of divinity which the court favored came forth Humphrey Stafford's "Female Glory," an attempt to revive the sentiment which led to the adoration of the Virgin Mary. Mr. Gardiner derides the notion that Laud was disposed

to union with Rome. That he was not disposed to submit to Rome and divest himself of his Lambeth papacy is certain; whether he would have been utterly averse to a union with Rome which would have recognized him as a rightful successor of the Apostles, and left his position as the head of the Anglican Church unimpaired, seems to us matter of conjecture. It is just possible that the Roman archives when explored may throw some light upon the subject. When he was twice offered a cardinal's hat, on his accession to the archbishopric, if he would place himself at the disposition of the pope, his reply was: "Something dwells within me which will not suffer me to accept that till Rome be other than it is." Those words do not seem to breathe a repugnance which nothing could have overcome, nor is it likely that the offer could have been made if a predisposition had not been observed. Laud's forms carried doctrines inside them, otherwise he would not have so passionately insisted on their observance. Mere uniformity, if that had been the sole object, would have been produced by the adoption of one set of forms as well as another. Let us do full justice to Laud's good qualities — to his integrity, his uprightness, his literary munificence, and the fearless impartiality with which he meted out justice, or what he deemed justice, to offenders in high places, as well as to those in low places. Let him have his due also as a university reformer, though of his code of statutes the narrow and restrictive parts took fatal effect, while the liberal and progressive parts failed for want of that the necessity of which system-mongers never comprehend, a motive power. But do not tell us that he was not leading England back to Rome. Dr. Newman and the Tractarians recognized and revered their precursor in Laud, and we cannot doubt that their historic sympathy was perfectly well bestowed.

And so with regard to Strafford and his Thorough. We are ready to go any length with Mr. Gardiner, who here is more than ever admirable, in recognition of Strafford's ability and the loftiness of his aim, though we are not satisfied with the proof of his consistency, and we still believe him to have been possessed with an imperious ambition, which, albeit the last infirmity of a noble mind, was still a different thing from patriotism or a sense of public duty. We can also easily understand how to his mind, as to that of his counterpart Richelieu, or to that of Bacon, administrative monarchy,

with enlightened and upright administrators like himself, might present itself as a form of government better and more beneficent as well as more regular than government by popular assemblies unacquainted with affairs of State, and uninstructed generally, as the members of such assemblies and their constituents were in those days. So far as the quarrel was with the aristocracy, we may admit that Strafford was probably in the right, since the aristocracy was, no doubt, like that which by its cabals made the war of the Fronde in France, selfish, mutinous, and in the more backward and feudal districts tyrannical in its conduct towards the people; though it is doubtful whether much good would have been done by turning it from a feudal or territorial nobility into a court aristocracy like that which at Versailles fawned on the monarchy without ceasing to oppress the poor. But do not tell us that it was not an administrative monarchy that Strafford intended to establish, or that Thorough meant not the complete and permanent removal of all obstacles to the execution of the king's will, but only a drastic and high-handed reform of government. Charles himself did not put forth his pretensions boldly; he never put forth anything boldly; faltering and prevarication were native habits of his mind, intensified by the difficulties of his position. But the doctrine of divine right was preached distinctly by Laud, and in the most rampant terms by ecclesiastics of the court school; and what signify checks imposed upon a right by institutions, however legal and venerable, when the institution is human and the right is divine? Mr. Gardiner has quoted some strong passages from Mainwaring, but he has hardly quoted the strongest of all. Mainwaring lays it down that "as justice, properly so called, intercedes not between God and man, nor between the prince, being a father, and the people as children, (for justice is between equals), so cannot justice be any rule or medium whereby to give God or the king his right." This, beyond question, is "thorough," and Mainwaring was promoted for saying it. That Strafford would have allowed Parliament to exist, and even have treated it with decent respect, need not be questioned, though it must be remembered that he was a party to the suspension of its existence for eleven years, and to the introduction of a system of government, especially with regard to the vital point of taxation, manifestly indicative of a determination to do without

Parliaments altogether. He was willing to preside over a Parliament which, like that of Ireland, was absolutely submissive to his will; but when Parliament ceased to be absolutely submissive, and failed to do the will of the king or his ministers, the king was to be "loose and absolved from all rules of government." The practical result would have been an English monarchy as absolute as that of France, where the States-General never were abolished, with a Church not less intolerant and anti-Protestant, even if it had remained separate from the Church of Rome. Nor would the monarchy have continued to be administered by Straffords; the next minister would have been a revival of Buckingham, an Olivarez, or a Louvois.

To those who, by any methods, however rude, saved England from becoming a second France, with a French Revolution perhaps in store as the final outcome of a persecuting despotism, much may be forgiven. Excuse may even be made for that which is to us the most shocking part of their conduct, and miserably mars the record of their heroic efforts in defence of liberty — their insistence on the execution of priests. The palliation has been stated already. Nor, if the court sought to save these hapless emissaries of Rome and the anti-Protestant powers, was humanity the chief motive. No such mercy was shown to offenders against the court itself. The penalties of treason were ruthlessly inflicted on a sailor and a glover for having taken part in a riotous attack on Lambeth Palace, and the glover was put to the torture; the use of which was, by the way, a feature not less characteristic than hideous of absolutist jurisprudence. At all events, the Puritans, in demanding the execution of priests, were not revolutionary, for such was the terrible law of those perilous and tempestuous times. To send an English fleet to the mouth of the Tiber would have been an incomparably better way of repressing papal machinations, but this was not in Pym's or Eliot's power.

Never, before they were provoked to resistance by direct attacks on the national religion and liberties, did the Puritans manifest rebellious tendencies. With a touching loyalty they bore the persecutions inflicted on them by Elizabeth, though that heartless and tyrannical woman had owed to them the safety of her throne; but her treatment of them was in opposition to the advice of her best and wisest councillors. Those of them who were driven into exile, and who founded

New England, still breathed in their distant asylum love for their country and loyalty to their sovereign. Not to have opposed Carr and Villiers would have been treason to public morality and to the king himself, as well as to the commonwealth. But had Prince Henry lived and taken the national and popular line which his character and his youthful utterances promised, he might have reigned in Puritan hearts, and have enjoyed more real power than was enjoyed by Charles, even when his government was strongest.

Of all the Puritan acts that which appears the most revolutionary and Jacobinical is the execution of the king, which no doubt excited the emulation of the Jacobins, who imitated it in their monkeyish way, and improved upon it, as they no doubt thought, by butchering the queen as well as the king. The impression has been strengthened by the language of Carlyle, who represents the death of a Charles as a blow dealt to funkeyism, of which funkeyism has gone about sick ever since; than which nothing can be less true, since the blood of the royal martyr has been the seed of funkeyism, while his exile, as Macaulay says, would probably have been the end of all sentiment about him, as exile was the end of all sentiment in the nation at large about James II. This indeed Cromwell saw, and when he found that no binding treaty could be made with Charles, he tried to frighten him out of the kingdom, though the flight having been mismanaged, Charles, evidently to Cromwell's great discomfiture, fell into the hands of Hammond in the Isle of Wight. But the accusation, travelling over the whole of Charles's misgovernment and his part in the first civil war, and imputing to him as personal and capital offences acts which cannot in reason be so regarded, has concealed the fact that the real cause of his death was an act for which others besides regicidal republicans might think that he deserved to die. While in treaty with the Parliament for a settlement, and morally bound to abstain from hostilities, he had planned with the Scotch an invasion of the kingdom, and set on foot the second civil war. The army, thus brought again by his intrigues into the extremity of peril, demanded his blood, and Cromwell acceded to the demand. But the terrible act was at least solemnly done; nor was there any regicidal exultation or any sanguinary question about flinging to coalized monarchs as a gage of battle the head of a king.

Setting aside the levellers and other

delirious offspring of the feverish hour, the highest tide of revolutionary sentiment is marked by Milton's "Defensio." In this, if in anything that ever came from the Puritans, or from any section of them, the Jacobin and the irreconcilable might find something congenial to them. Yet nothing can be more alien to Jacobinism than the spirit of the treatise. Milton's contention throughout is that the king was subject to the law, not above it, and that Charles had been legally tried and condemned to death by an authority lawfully representing the nation. Legality is the key-note, not revolution. "You cite Tertullian. What does Tertullian say? He condemns disorder and rebellion. So do we, though without meaning thereby to do away with all popular rights and privileges. It is against rash seditions and the madness of the multitude that grave authorities speak—not of magistrates, of a Senate, of a Parliament calling a nation to legitimate war against tyranny." Milton deemed monarchy a form of government for man in his lower not in his higher estate; but he did not rail against it with frenzied hatred; he did not take it for the sole obstacle to public virtue and felicity, or talk of strangling the last king with the entrails of the last priest. His ideal polity was not a domination of *sans-culottes*, but a reign of intellect and virtue—of all things the most uncongenial to St. Just and Marat, who hated an aristocrat of intellect and virtue rather more than as an aristocrat of rank. At the end of the second "Defensio" he dilates with impressive eloquence on the thesis that without knowledge and virtue there can be no true liberty; anticipating the sentiment of the lines in which Coleridge says that to be politically free, without moral and intellectual emancipation, is but to wear the name of freedom graven on a heavier chain.

A religious man may have his illusions, as the religious men of Milton's time had; but they cannot be the illusions of a Jacobin. He must be conscious that real freedom and genuine happiness are states of the soul, and can be attained only through self-control and self-improvement. He cannot fall into the grand Jacobin fallacy that the only obstacle to virtue, individual or national, is external to the moral character, and that by simply abolishing kings and aristocrats men will be made good and happy. This would be as impossible for him as it would be to work the guillotine or to revel in fusillades and noyades. The more the Puritan revolution is studied, the

more clearly it will be seen that the object of the leaders was not political change, but to prevent Church and Laud from strangling the spiritual life of the nation. How far the Puritans were in the right or in the wrong, as to the conditions of spiritual life, is a different question. They distinguished spiritual life from politics, and knew much better than some people do at the present day how much and how little political change can do for men.

No doubt they fell into most serious errors. Living before the birth of a rational criticism, they failed to distinguish the Old Testament from the New Testament, and they made a use of the Old Testament which was irrational and sometimes worse. They had not emancipated themselves from the fatal fallacy as to the criminal nature of religious error which had dominated Christendom for fourteen centuries. They held the Calvinistic doctrine of election and reprobation — a logical though false and repulsive deduction from the extreme view of justification by faith, which again was in its origin a violent recoil from the system of indulgences, the source of not a little that is extreme in Reformation dogma. Yet in their day, and in comparison with their antagonists, they were in vital respects not only a noble and impressive group of figures, but good educators of humanity. If they were stern even to grimness, and ecclesiastically unaesthetic, they were serious; and they had a manly love of truth, which pervades all their productions, and is strongly contrasted with the devout obscurantism, sometimes verging on cretinism, of the Ultramontanes. The Westminster Confession and Catechism contain things which reason now rejects, and which ought to be honestly discarded; but on the whole they lift up the minds of the people and teach them to worship the God of truth. Such has certainly been their effect on the people of Scotland. Even Jonathan Edwards, with all his repulsiveness, is unquestionably a liege-man of the truth.

A short time ago the descendants of the Huguenots came together to celebrate the most glorious of all the traditions of misfortune. The Huguenot died, and left, in his own country at least, no religious or political heir. The French Protestantism of the present day has a different character and source. The Puritan died at the Restoration, when that mould of character was broken; for Algernon Sidney and his school were classical republicans, and

the author of the "Areopagitica" did not live again in Defoe. But the Puritan cannot be said to have died without heirs. Perhaps his line may be traced down to Lawrence and Gordon, or even to some men in whom reverence for scientific law has come in place of religious faith. His political tradition has animated the body of middle-class Nonconformists, who have been called the Old Guard of English Liberalism, and to whom their opponents will hardly deny the credit of having combined respect for authority and love of order with attachment to the cause of liberty and progress. Statesmanship of the higher and more brilliant kind was hardly within the reach of those who lay not only under political disabilities but under a social ban. Culture, in the same manner, was hardly attainable by those whom tests excluded from the universities; and it is surely rank injustice to denounce the Nonconformists for the want of it without calling attention to the legal disability, or noticing the unquestionable fact that the Oxford of Owen was at least as cultured and as fruitful of scholarly eminence as any Oxford from that time to this. But Nonconformist theology, if it has not been graceful in form or particularly catholic in spirit, has been a theology of truth. It has been a theology of truth, not of mere system, much less of the system of religious spells and amulets to which Roman Catholicism and religions of the same class in their lower grades descend. The religious patriotism of the Puritan, as we conceive, reappeared in full force when the Nonconformists rejected James II.'s Declaration of Indulgence, and chose to wear a political chain which sat lightly on men who were spiritually free, rather than be accomplices in the subversion of the law. The Puritan's serious love of truth and his serious view of life and eternity reappeared when, in a university then entirely in the hands of a party fondly called that of the Renaissance, a student bred in a Nonconformist seminary meditated, in a spirit of inquiry at once free and profoundly devout, on the great problems of man's estate, and produced as the first fruit of his meditations Butler's "Analogy" and sermons. Butler's ultimate appeal, as he plainly avows, is to reason; and whatever graces he may have afterwards derived as an ecclesiastic from Anglicanism, the spirit of his philosophy came, we apprehend, from another quarter.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

From Good Words.

THIS MAN'S WIFE.

A STORY OF WOMAN'S FAITH.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

BOOK IV.—IN THE NEW LAND.

CHAPTER I.

THE SITUATION.

"LOOK here, Bayle, this is about the maddest thing I ever knew. Will you have the goodness to tell me why we are stopping here?"

Bayle looked up from the book he was reading, in the pleasant room that formed their home, one which Tom Porter had found no difficulty in fitting up in good cabin style.

A year had glided by since they landed, a year that Sir Gordon had passed in the most unsatisfactory way.

"Why are we stopping here?"

"Yes. Didn't I speak plainly? Why are we stopping here? For goodness' sake, Bayle, don't you take to aggravating me by repeating my words! I'm irritable enough without that."

"Nonsense, my dear old friend!" cried Bayle rising.

"Hang it, man, don't throw my age in my teeth! I can't help being old."

"May I live to be as old," said Bayle, smiling, and laying his hand on Sir Gordon's shoulder.

"Bah! don't pray for that, man! Why should you want to live? To see all your pet schemes knocked on the head, and those you care for go to the bad, while your aches and pains increase, and you are gliding down the hill of life a wretched, selfish old man, unloved, uncared for. There, it is all a miserable mistake."

"Uncared for, eh?" said Bayle. "Have you no friends?"

"Not one," groaned the old man, writhing, as he felt a twinge in his back. "Oh, this bitter south wind! it's worse than our north!"

"Shame! Why, Tom Porter watches you night and day. He would die for you."

"So would a dog. The scoundrel only thinks of how much money I shall leave him when I go."

Unheard by either, Tom Porter had entered the room, sailor fashion, barefoot, in the easy canvas suit he wore when yachting with his master. He had brought in a basin of broth of his own brewing, as he termed it—for Sir Gordon was unwell—a plate with a couple of slices of bread of his own toasting, in the other hand,

and he was holding the silver spoon from Sir Gordon's travelling canteen beneath his chin.

He heard every word as he stood waiting respectfully to bring in his master's "levens," as he called it; and instead of getting the sherry from the cellaret, he began screwing up his hard face, and showing his emotion by working about his bare toes.

As Sir Gordon finished his bitter speech Tom Porter took a step forward, and threw the basin of mutton broth, basin, plate, and all, under the grate with a crash, and stalked towards the door.

"You scoundrel!" roared Sir Gordon. "You Tom Porter, stop!"

"Shan't!" growled the man. "There's mutiny on, and I leave the ship."

Bang!

The door was closed violently, and Sir Gordon looked helplessly up at Bayle.

"There, you see!"

"Yes," said Bayle, "I see. Poor fellow! Why did you wound his feelings like that?"

"There!" cried Sir Gordon; "now you side with the scoundrel. Twenty-five years has he been with me, and look at my soup!"

Bayle laughed.

"Yes; that's right; laugh at me. I'm getting old and weak. Laugh at me. I suppose the next thing will be that you will go off and leave me here in the lurch."

"That is just my way, is it not?" said Bayle, smiling.

"Well, no," grumbled Sir Gordon, "I suppose it is not. But then you are such a fool, Bayle. I haven't patience with you!"

"I'm afraid I am a great trial to you."

"You are—a terrible trial; every one's a terrible trial—everything goes wrong. That blundering ass Tom Porter must even go and knock a hole in the Sylph on the rocks."

"Yes, that was unfortunate," said Bayle.

"Here, I shall go back. It's of no use staying here. Everything I see aggravates me. Matters are getting worse with the Hallams. Let's go home, Bayle."

Christie Bayle stood looking straight before him for some time, and then shook his head softly.

"No; not yet," he said at last.

"But I can't go back without you, man; and it is of no use to stay. As I said before—why am I stopping here?"

Bayle looked at him in his quiet, smiling way for some moments before replying.

"In the furtherance of your old scheme of unselfishness, and in the hope of doing good to the friends we love."

"Oh, nonsense! Tush, man! Absurd! I wanted to be friends, and be helpful; but that's all over now. See what is going on. Look at that girl. Next thing we hear will be that she is married to one of those two fellows."

"I think if she accepted Lieutenant Eaton, and he married her, and took her away from this place, it would be the best thing that could happen."

"Humph! I don't!" muttered Sir Gordon. "Then look at Mrs. Hallam."

Bayle drew in his breath with a low hiss.

"It's horrible, man, it is horrible!" cried Sir Gordon excitedly. "Bayle, you know how I loved that woman twenty years ago. Well, it was impossible; it would have been May and December even then, for I'm a very old man, Bayle—older than you think. I was an old fool perhaps, but it was my nature. I loved her very dearly. It was not to be; but the old love isn't dead. Bayle, old fellow, if I had been a good man I should say that the old love was purified of its grosser parts, but that would not fit with me."

"Why judge yourself so harshly?"

"Because I deserve it, man. Well, well, time went on, and when we met again I can't describe what I felt over that child. At times, when her pretty, dark face had the look of that scoundrel Hallam in it, I hated her; but when her eyes lit up with that sweet, innocent smile, the tears used to come into mine, and I felt as if it was Millicent Luttrell a child again, and that it would have been the culmination of earthly happiness to have said, this is my darling child."

"Yes," said Bayle softly.

"I worshipped that girl, Bayle. It was for her sake I came over here to this horrible pandemonium, to watch over and be her guardian. I could not have stayed away. But I must go now. I can't bear it; I can't stand it any longer."

"You will not go," said Bayle slowly.

"Yes, I tell you, I must. It is horrible. I don't think she is ungrateful, poor child; but she is being brutalized by companionship with that scoundrel's set."

"No, no! For heaven's sake don't say that!"

"I do say it," cried the old man impetuously, "she and her mother too. How can they help it with such surroundings? The decent people will not go—only that Eaton and Mrs. Otway. Bless the wom-

an, I thought her a forward, shameless soldier's wife, but she has the heart of a true lady, and keeps to the Hallams in spite of all."

"It is very horrible," said Bayle; "but we are helpless."

"Helpless? Yes; if he would only kill himself with his wretched drink, or get made an end of somehow."

"Hush!" said Bayle rather sternly; "don't talk like that."

"Now you are beginning to bully me, Bayle," cried the old man querulously. "Don't you turn against me. I get insults enough at that scoundrel Hallam's—enough to make my blood boil."

"Yes, I know, I know," said Bayle.

"And yet, old idiot that I am, I go there for the sake of these women, and bear it all—I, whom people call a gentleman, I go there and am civil to the scoundrel who robbed me, and put up with his insolence and his scowls. But I'm his master still. He dare not turn upon me. I can make him quail when I like. Bayle, old fellow," he cried, with a satisfied chuckle, "how the scoundrel would like to give me a dose!"

Bayle sat down with his brow full of the lines of care.

"I'm not like you," continued Sir Gordon, whom the relation of his troubles seemed to relieve, "I won't be driven away. I think you were wrong."

"No," said Bayle quietly, "it was causing her pain. It was plain enough that in his sordid mind my presence was a greater injury than yours. He was wearing her life away, and I thought it better that our intimacy should grow less and less."

"But, my boy, that's where you were wrong. Bad as the scoundrel is, he would never have had a jealous thought of that saint—there, don't call me irreverent—I say it again, that saint of a woman."

"Oh no, I can't think that myself," said Bayle, "but my presence was a standing reproach to him."

"How could it be more than mine?"

"You are different. He always hated me from the first time we met at King's Castor."

"I believe he did," said Sir Gordon warmly; "but see how he detests the sight of me."

"Yes, but you expressed the feeling only a few minutes ago when you said you were still his master and you made him quail. My dear old friend, if I could ever have indulged in a hope that Robert Hallam had been unjustly punished, his

behavior towards you would have swept it away. It is always that of the conscience-stricken man — his unreasoning dislike of the one whom he has wronged."

"Perhaps you are right, Bayle, perhaps you are right. But there was no doubt about his guilt — a scoundrel, and I am as sure as I am that I live, the rascal made a hoard somehow, and is living upon it now."

"You think that? What about the sealing speculation?"

"Ah! he and Crellock have made some money by it no doubt, but not enough to live as they do. I know that Hallam is spending my money and triumphing over me all the time, and I would not care if those women were free of him, but I'm afraid that will never be."

Bayle remained silent.

"Do you think she believes in his innocence still?"

Bayle remained silent for a time, and then said slowly, "I believe that Millicent Hallam, even if she discovered his guilt, and could at last believe in it, would suffer in secret, and bear with him in the hope that he would repent."

"And never leave him?"

"Never," said Bayle firmly, "unless under some terrible provocation, one so great that no woman could bear; and from that provocation, and the death-blow it would be to her, I pray heaven she may be spared."

"Amen!" said Sir Gordon softly.

"Bayle," he added, after a pause, "I am getting old and irritable; I feel every change. I called you a fool!"

"The irritable spirit of pain within — not you."

"Ah! well," said Sir Gordon smiling, "you know me by heart now, my dear boy. I want to say something very serious to you. I never said it before, though I have thought about it ever since those happy evenings we spent at Clerkenwell."

Bayle turned to him wonderingly.

"You will bear with me — I may hurt your feelings."

"If you do I know you will heal them the next time we meet," replied Bayle.

"Well, then, tell me this. When I first began visiting at Mrs. Hallam's house there in London, had you not the full intention of some day asking Julie to be your wife?"

Christie Bayle turned his manly, sincere countenance full upon his old friend, and said, in a deep, low voice, broken by emotion, —

"Such a thought had never entered my mind."

"Never?"

"Never, on my word as a man."

"You tell me that you have never loved Julie Hallam save as a father might love his child?"

Bayle shook his head slowly, and a piteous look came into his eyes.

"No," he said softly, "I cannot."

"Then you do love her," cried the old man joyfully. "Now we shall get out of the wood. 'Why, my dear boy —'"

"Hush!" said Bayle sadly, "I first learned what was in my heart when our voyage was half over."

"And you saw her chattering with that dandy young officer. Oh! pooh, pooh! that is nothing. She does not care for him."

Bayle shook his head again.

"Why, my dear boy, you must end all this."

"You forget," said Bayle sadly. "History is repeating itself. Remember your own affair."

"Ah! but I was an old man; you are young."

"Young!" said Bayle sadly. "No, I was always her old master; and she loves this man."

"I cannot think it," cried Sir Gordon, "and what is more, I am sure that Hallam has plans of his own — look there."

There were the sounds of horses' feet on the newly made government road that passed the house Sir Gordon had chosen on account of its leading down on one side to where lay his lugger, in which he spent half his time cruising among the islands, and in fine weather out and along the Pacific shore; on the other side to the eastward of the huge billows that rolled in with their heavy thunderous roar.

As Bayle looked up, he saw Julia in a plain grey riding-habit, mounted on a handsome mare, cantering up with a well-dressed, bluff-looking middle-aged man by her side. He, too, was well mounted, and as Julia checked her mare to walk by Sir Gordon's cottage, he also drew rein and watched her closely. She bent forward, scanning the windows anxiously; but seeing no one, for the occupants of the room were by the fire, they passed on, and Bayle turned to Sir Gordon with an angry look in his eyes.

"Oh, no! impossible!" he exclaimed.

"There's nothing impossible out here in this horrible penal place," cried Sir Gordon, in a voice full of agitation.

"No," said Bayle, whose face cleared,

and he smiled; "it is not even impossible that my old friend will go on enjoying his cruises about these glorious shores, and that the mutiny — Shall I call in Tom Porter?"

"Well, yes; I suppose you must," said Sir Gordon with a grim smile.

Bayle went to the door, and Tom Porter answered the call with an "Ay, ay, sir," and came padding over the floor with his bare feet like a man-o'-war's man on a holy-stoned deck.

"Sir Gordon wants to speak to you, Porter," said Bayle, making as if to go.

"No, no, Bayle! don't go and leave me with this scoundrelly mutineer. He'll murder me. There, Tom Porter," he continued, "I'm an irritable old fool, and I'm very sorry, and I beg your pardon; but you ought to know better than to take offence."

Tom Porter, for answer, trotted out of the room to return at the end of a few moments with another basin of soup and two slices of toast already made.

CHAPTER II.

MRS. HALLAM'S SERVANT.

MILICENT HALLAM had found that all her husband had said was correct. There was no difficulty at all in the matter, and few questions were asked, for the government was only too glad to get convicts drafted off as assigned servants to all who applied, and so long as no complaints were made of their behavior, the prisoners to whom tickets were given were free of the colony.

In many cases they led the lives of slaves to the settlers, and found that they had exchanged the rod for the scorpion; but they bore all for the sake of the comparative freedom, and even preferred life at some up-country station, where a slight offence was punished with the lash, to returning to the chain-gang and the prison, or the heavy work of making roads.

The cat was the cure for all ills in those days, when almost any one was appointed magistrate of his district. A., the holder of so many assigned men, would be a justice, and one of his men would offend. In that case he would send him over to B., the magistrate of the next district. B. would also be a squatter and holder of assigned convict servants. There would be a short examination; A.'s man would be well flogged and sent back. In due time B. would require the same service performed, and would send an offender over to A. to have him punished in turn.

LIVING AGE. VOL. LVI. 2879

In the growing town, assigned servants were employed in a variety of ways; and it was common enough for relatives of the convicts to apply and have husband, son, or brother assigned to them, the ticket-of-leave-man finding no difficulty there on account of being a jail-bird, where many of the most prosperous traders and squatters had once worn the prison garb.

Robert Hallam was soon released, and at the end of a couple of months Stephen Crellock followed; the pair becoming ostensibly butler and coachman to a wealthy lady who had settled in Sydney — but servants only in the government books; for, unquestioned, Hallam at once took up his position as master of the house, and to his wife's horror Crellock, directly he was released, came and took possession of the room set apart for him as Hallam's oldest friend.

A strange state of society perhaps, but it is a mere matter of history; such proceedings were frequent in the days when Botany Bay was the depot for the social sinners of our land.

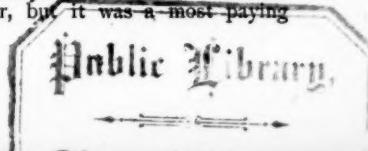
All the same though, poor Botany Bay, with its abundant specimens of Austral growth that delighted the naturalists of the early expedition, never did become a penal settlement. It was selected, and the first convict-ship went there to form the great prison, but the place was unsuitable, and Port Jackson, the site of Sydney, proved so vastly superior that the expedition went on there at once.

At home, in England, though, Botany Bay was spoken of always as the convicts' home, and the term embraced the whole of the penal settlements, including Norfolk Island, that horror of our laws, and Van Dieman's Land.

Opportunity had served just after Hallam was released, and had taken up his residence in simple lodgings which Mrs. Hallam, with Bayle's help, had secured, for one of the best villas that had been built in the place — a handsome wooden bungalow, with broad verandahs and lovely garden sloping down towards the bay — was to let.

Millicent Hallam had looked at her husband in alarm when he bade her take it; but he placed the money laughingly in her hands for furnishing; and, obeying him as if in a dream, the house was taken and handsomely fitted. Servants were engaged, horses bought, and Hallam commenced a life of luxurious ease.

The sealing business, he said with a laugh, was only carried on at certain times of the year, but it was a most paying



affair, and he bade Mrs. Hallam have no care about money matters.

For the first six months, Hallam rarely stirred out of the house by day, contenting himself with a walk about the extensive grounds in an evening; but he made up for this abstinence from society by pampering his appetites in every way.

It was as if, these having been kept in strict subjection all these years, he was now determined to give them full rein; and, consequently, he who had been summoned at early morn by the prison bell, breakfasted luxuriously in bed, and did not rise till midday, when his first question was about the preparations for dinner—that being the important business of his day.

His dinner was a feast at which good wine in sufficient abundance played a part, and over this he and Creelock would sit for hours, only to leave it and the dining-room for spirits and cigars in the verandah, where they stayed till bedtime.

Robert Hallam came into the house a pallid, wasted man, with sunken cheeks and eyes, closely cropped hair, and shorn beard. The villainous prison look was in his gaze, and the furtive shrinking way in his stoop. His aspect was so horrible, that when Millicent Hallam took him to her breast, she prayed for mental blindness that she might not see the change, while Julia's eyes were always full of a wondering horror that she was ever fighting to suppress.

At the end of four months, Robert Hallam was completely transformed; his cheeks were filled out and were rapidly assuming the flushed appearance of the habitual drunkard's; his eyes had lost their cavernous aspect, and half the lines had disappeared, while his grizzled hair was of a respectable length, and his face was becoming clothed by a great black beard dashed with gray.

In six months, portly, florid, and well dressed, he was unrecognizable for the man who had been released from the great prison, and no longer confined himself to the house.

Stephen Creelock had changed in a more marked manner than his prison friend. Considerably his junior, the convict life had not seemed to affect him, so that when six months of his freedom had passed, he looked the bluff, bearded squatter in the full pride of his manhood, bronzed by the sun, and with a dash and freedom of manner that he knew how to restrain when he was in the presence of his old companion's wife and child, for he

could not conceal from himself the fact that Mrs. Hallam disliked his presence and resented his being there.

At first, in her eagerness to respond to Hallam's slightest wish, in the proud joy she felt in the change that was coming over his personal appearance, and which with the boastfulness of a young wife she pointed out to Julia, she made no objection to Creelock's presence.

"Poor fellow! he has suffered horribly," Hallam said. "He deserves a holiday."

How she had watched all this gradual change, and how she crushed down the little voices that now and then strove in her heart to make themselves heard!

"No, no, no," she said to them as it were half laughing, "there is nothing but what I ought to have pictured."

Then one day she found herself forced to make apology to Julia.

"You have hurt him, my darling, by your coldness," she said tenderly. "Julie, my own, he complains to me. What have you done?"

"Tried, dear mother,—oh, so hard. I did not know I had been cold."

"Then you will try more, my child," said Mrs. Hallam, caressing Julia tenderly, and with a bright, loving look in her eyes. "I have never spoken like this before. It seemed terrible to me to have to make what seems like an apology for our own, but think, dearest. He parted from us a gentleman—to be taken from his home and plunged into a life of horror, such as—no, no, no," she cried, "I will not speak of it. I will only say that just as his face will change, so will all that terrible corrosion of the prison life in his manner drop away, and in a few months he will be again all that you have pictured. Julie, he is your father."

Julia flung herself, sobbing passionately, into her mother's arms, and in a burst of self-reproach vowed that she would do everything to make her father love her as she did him.

Bravely did the two women set themselves to the task of blinding their eyes with love, passing over the coarse actions and speech of the idol they had set up, yielding eagerly to his slightest whim, obeying every caprice, and while at times something was almost too hard to bear, Millicent Hallam whispered encouragement to her child.

"Think, my own, think," she said lovingly. "It is not his fault. Think of what he has suffered, and let us pray and thank Him that he has survived, for us to win back to all that we could wish."

There were times when despair looked blankly from Millicent Hallam's eyes, as she saw the months glide by and her husband surely and slowly sinking into sensuality. But she roused herself to greater exertions, and was his veriest slave. Once only did she try by kindly resistance to make the stand she told herself she should have made when Crellock was first brought into the house.

It was when he had been out about six months, and Crellock, after a long debauch with Hallam and two or three chosen spirits from the town, had sunk in a brutal sleep upon the floor of the handsomely furnished dining-room. The visitors had gone; they had dined there, Sir Gordon being of the party, and Mrs. Hallam had smilingly done the honors of the table as their hostess, though sick at heart at the turn the conversation had taken before her child, who looked anxious and pale, while Sir Gordon had sat there very silent and grim of aspect. He had been the first to go, and had taken her hand in the drawing-room, as if about to speak, but had only looked at her, sighed, and gone away without a word.

"I must speak," she had said. "Heaven help me! I must speak! This cannot go on."

As soon as she could, she had hurried Julia to bed, and then sat and waited till the last visitor had gone, when she walked into the dining-room, where Hallam sat smoking, heavy with drink, but perfectly collected, scowling down at Crellock where he lay.

That look sent a thrill of joy through Millicent Hallam. He was evidently angry with Crellock, and disgusted with the wretched drinking-scene that had had place — one of many such scenes as would have excited comment now, but the early settlers were ready enough to smile at such eccentricities as this.

"Robert — my husband! may I speak to you?"

"Speak, my dear? Of course," he said smiling. "Why didn't you come in as soon as that old curmudgeon had gone? Have a glass of wine now. Nonsense! — I wish it. You must pitch over a lot of that standoffishness with my friends. Julia, too — the girl sits and looks at people as glum as if she had no sense."

Mrs. Hallam compressed her lips, laid her hand upon her husband's shoulder, yielding herself to him as he threw an arm round her waist, but stood pointing to where Crellock lay breathing stertorously, and muttering in his sleep.

"What are you pointing at?" said Hallam. "Steve? Yes, the pig! Why can't he take his wine like a gentleman, and not like a brute?"

"Robert, dear," she said tenderly, "you love me very dearly?"

"Love you, my pet! why, how could a man love wife better?"

"And our Julia — our child?"

"Why, of course. What questions!"

"Will you do something to please me — to please us both?"

"Will I? Say what you want — another carriage — diamonds — a yacht like old Bourne's?"

"No, no, no, dearest; we have everything if we have your love, and my dear husband glides from the past misery into a life of happiness."

"Well, I think we are doing pretty well," he said with a laugh that sent a shudder through the suffering woman; he was so changed.

"I want to speak to you about Mr. Crellock."

"Well, what about him? Make haste; it's getting late, and I'm tired."

"Robert, we have made a mistake in having this man here."

Hallam seemed perfectly sober, and he frowned.

"I would not mind if you wished him to be here, love," she said with her voice sounding sweetly pure and entreating; "but he is not a suitable companion for our Julia."

"Stop there," said Hallam sharply.

"No, no, darling; let me speak — this time," said Mrs. Hallam entreatingly. "I know it was out of the genuine goodness and pity of your heart that you opened your door to him. Now you have done all you need, let him go."

Hallam shook his head.

"Think of the past, and the terrible trouble he brought upon you."

"Oh, no! that was all a mistake," said Hallam quickly. "Poor brute! he was as ill-treated as I was, and now you want him kicked out."

"No, no, dear; part from him kindly, but he was the cause of much of your suffering."

"No, he was not," said Hallam quickly. "That was all a mistake. Poor Steve was always a good friend to me. He suffered along with me in that cursed hole, and he shall have his share of the comfort now."

"No, no, do not say you wish him to stay."

"But I do say it," cried Hallam angrily.

ly. "He is my best friend and he will stay. Hang it, woman, am I to be cursed with the presence of your friends who sent me out here and not have the company of my own?"

"Robert! husband! don't speak to me like that."

"But I do speak to you like that. Here is that wretched old yachtsman forcing his company upon me day after day, insisting upon coming to the house, and reminding me by his presence who I am and what I have been."

"Darling, Sir Gordon ignores the past, and is grieved, I know, at the terrible mistake that brought you here. He wishes to show you this by his kindness to us all."

"Let him keep his kindness till it is asked for," growled Hallam. "He sits upon me like a nightmare. I don't feel that the place is my own when he is here. As for Bayle, he has had the good sense to stay away lately."

Mrs. Hallam's eyes were full of despair as she listened.

"I hate Sir Gordon coming here. He and Bayle have between them made that girl despise me, and look down upon me every time we speak, while I am lavishing money upon her, and she has horses and carriage, jewels and dress equal to any girl in the colony."

"Robert, dear, you are not saying all this from your heart."

"Indeed, but I am," he cried angrily.

"No, no! And Julie—she loves you dearly. It is for her sake I ask this," and she pointed to Crellock where he lay.

"Let sleeping dogs lie," said Hallam with a meaning laugh. "Poor Steve! I don't like him, but he has been a faithful mate to me, and I'm not going to turn round upon him now."

"But for Julie's sake!"

"I'm thinking about Julie, my dear," he said, nodding his head; "and as for Steve—there, just you make yourself comfortable about him. There's no harm in him; he is faithful as a dog to me, and if I behaved badly he might bite."

"You need not be unkind to Mr. Crellock if he has been what you say. I only ask you for our child's sake to let him leave here."

"Impossible; he is my partner."

"Yes, you intimated that. In your business."

"Speculations," said Hallam quietly.

"There, that will do."

"But, Robert—"

"That will do!" he roared fiercely.

"Stephen Crellock must live here. Do you hear—*must!* Now go to bed."

"A woman's duty," she whispered softly, "is to obey," and she obeyed.

She obeyed, while another six months glided away, each month filling her heart more and more with despair, as she shunned her child's questioning eyes, and fought on, a harder battle every day, to keep herself in the belief that the pure gold was still beneath the blackening tarnish, and that her idol was not made of clay.

It was a terrible battle, for her eyes refused to be blinded longer by the loving veil she cast over them. The appealing, half-wondering looks of her child increased her suffering, while an idea, that filled her with horror, was growing day by day, till it was assuming proportions from which she shrank in dread.

From Temple Bar.

STATESMEN OF EASTERN EUROPE.

M. de Giers—Count Andrassy—Count Kalnoky—
M. de Kallay—M. Tisza—Count Apponyi—
Count Taaffe—M. Garaschanin—M. Risticz—
M. Zankoff—M. Karaveloff—Count Robilant.

To the English newspaper reader most of the names of foreign statesmen that recur daily in the telegraphic intelligence are mere names, and nothing else. Bismarck we know, and we are also acquainted with most French politicians to the third and fourth degrees of mediocrity; but few could "put faces" on to the names of De Giers, Kalnoky, Andrassy, Tisza, Taaffe, Karaveloff, Garaschanin, Robilant, and others, whose power or influence extends over the larger half of Europe—men who are important factors in all international calculations, and who ought not, therefore, to be to our people unknown quantities.

It is the more desirable that the characteristics of the leading Continental statesmen should be generally known among us, as the discussion of foreign affairs from the party point of view has been carried on during the last ten years with the most injurious national consequences. There were signs of a return to a better state of things during the late foreign administration of Lord Rosebery, who not only continued his predecessor's Eastern policy, but had the sense and courage to declare publicly* that there were no party politics at the Foreign Office.

* Trinity House Banquet, 1886.

This is as it should be, and as it was in England from the time when Fox committed the fatal mistake—so dearly expiated afterwards by the Whigs—of siding with England's enemies against Pitt, down to the time when Mr. Gladstone made himself the advocate of Russia against Lord Beaconsfield. Mr. Gladstone's error has since been repented of, if not by himself at least by many of his party, for it caused England to be completely isolated in Europe, and nearly led us into a great war in which we should have fought without a friend. This error, however, could never have been pushed to the dangerous extreme of breaking the continuity of our foreign policy—as it was broken in 1880—had there been a more accurate knowledge among our politicians as to the characters, antecedents, and personal aims of the principal Continental statesmen.

Here the name of M. de Giers starts up, and it is a name that must be mentioned with respect, for M. de Giers is the most honest and pacific minister Russia has ever had at its foreign office. But he has no real power. For a long time secretary to Prince Gortschakoff, he succeeded the latter as minister, but not as chancellor—his nomination being due primarily to his admirable business capacities, secondly to his most agreeable manners, and thirdly to the fact that the czar wished to keep the foreign policy of the empire under his own control. This would not have been possible had a man like Ignatieff, or Count Peter Schouwaloff or Prince Lobanoff been appointed. There is an intuition in the czar's mind that the next great war in which Russia embarks will settle the destinies of the dynasty and empire for half a century, and his Majesty does not wish to be dragged into this war blindfolded by a minister playing for his own hand. It must be added that the czar, with some personal admiration for Mr. Gladstone, and much reliance on that statesman's complacency towards Panslavist aims, for a time favored the idea that Russia might prosecute several of her designs with England's active or passive concurrence.

The new minister's appointment, however, baulking the hopes of the Muscovite war party, was far from popular. M. de Giers comes from a Swedish-Finn family of Jewish extraction. He is a slight, careworn-looking man, with haggard eyes, thin hands, and a nervous smile. Modest in demeanor, melancholy in mood, and kind to a fault, he is liked

but not feared by the officials and diplomats of his department, who are accustomed to find in him the greatest indulgence for all blunders or breaches of duty. A gentle rebuke for failure, a shake of the head for excess of zeal, is all they have to dread. This is the minister whom haughty grand dukes, intriguing Panslavists, and impatient generals sneer at as "the Jew." Unfortunately M. de Giers, who is by nature benevolent, cautious, and truthful, is mostly engaged in assuming responsibilities and inventing explanations for acts committed without his approval or cognizance, either by the czar himself or by men whose exploits the czar has been induced to condone.

After the Penjdeh incident M. de Giers tendered his resignation in a cabinet council. Alexander III. brought down his huge hand with a slap on the council table, and cried: "We are not in a constitutional country, and you will remain in office as long as I want you." This incident gives the measure of M. de Giers's power. He is the emperor's servant, and a faithful servant. He disapproved of the policy followed by Russia in the Bulgarian question, and most particularly the striking of Prince Alexander's name off the Russian army list; but he had to shape the course of the foreign office in the direction suggested by the czar's deep personal animosity against Prince Alexander. So it will be to the end. The great *coupés* of Russian policy are not advised by M. de Giers; his business is to pick up and put together the broken pieces when the blow has caused unexpected and useless damage. The czar trusts his prudence, and is occasionally influenced by his timidity; but in general his Majesty acts on his own headstrong impulses, and the day must come when one of these will bring him into collision with England or Austria, or with both. On that day M. de Giers will probably be superseded by a minister more resolute in counsel. Meanwhile, if he ever have warlike proclivities at all, they are rather against Austria than England. With free Protestant England he has, as a Swede, some inborn affinities; with Catholic, over-armed, and ever-suspicious Austria, none.

The Austro-Hungarian minister for foreign affairs since 1881 has been Count Gustav Kálnoky, who succeeded Baron Haymérle. The latter, who died in office quite suddenly of heart disease, was no statesman, but a bureaucrat. He was elevated to his high post on the mysterious

and still unexplained resignation of Count Julius Andrassy, who, though out of office, remains by far the most capable authority on foreign affairs in Austria-Hungary. It must here be recalled that Austria and Hungary having each its separate parliament and cabinet, the minister for the foreign affairs of the whole empire is not a parliamentary minister, but is responsible only to the delegations of both parliaments, which meet every year for a short session alternately at Vienna and Budapest. During eleven months out of the twelve he is responsible only to the emperor. If the parliaments object to his policy, they can only attack him indirectly by interpellations addressed to their respective prime ministers.*

Count Frederick Ferdinand Beust was the first minister for foreign affairs after the establishment of the dual system in 1867. He held the title of chancellor of the empire, which is now in abeyance. At that time Count Julius Andrassy † was prime minister in Hungary.

Andrassy was one of the insurgents of 1848-9, and when the Hungarian rebellion was put down by Russian aid, he had to fly and was hanged in effigy. After this he lived for ten years in England and France—not settling again in his country until after the disastrous Austro-French war of 1859 and the subsequent revolt of the Italian states at Garibaldi's call had compelled the emperor Francis Joseph to conciliate his subjects by the grant of a constitution. But the constitution of 1860 was not to the taste of the Hungarians, and they refused to sit in the imperial parliament of Vienna. Their opposition might have been overborne had the emperor been honestly bent on founding constitutionalism, but the reactionary party at court soon persuaded him to take away with one hand what he had given with the other. To a very brief period of constitutional experiment succeeded the rule of Baron Bach, who made a last desperate attempt to Germanize Hungary. Those were the days when out of protest to the German connection every man and woman in the Magyar land wore the national costume, now obsolete except among the peasantry. A party in Hungary—and Andrassy was of the number—still thought that Austrians and Hungarians might be reconciled if genuine parliamentary government were granted, and that the Hungarians obtained at the

same time a full restoration of all their local privileges in civil and religious matters; * but a larger party were agitating for an absolute separation between the two countries—the emperor of Austria, however, to remain king of Hungary, after a regular coronation. Hereupon the war of 1866 between Austria and Prussia took place. Austria humbled in the dust could only preserve her hold upon the various nationalities united to her by making large concessions to nationalist feeling, and as there seemed to be no statesman at Vienna competent to inaugurate the new policy, Baron Beust was summoned from Dresden. By this time, however, things had come to such a pass that Beust was thought to have made a good bargain with the Hungarians when Deák consented in their name to accept dualism instead of separation.

Count Andrassy was eminently fitted to be the chief of the first Hungarian cabinet. He was, and is to this day, the most typical impersonation of the Magyar nobleman. Of middle height, and elegant figure, with curly hair, hussar-like moustache and beard, a flashing eye, bright smile, and ready tongue, he bears himself gallantly, and his actions, like his talk, are full of dash. His quickness of repartee is as the straight thrust of a skilled fencer; but when he lays himself out to convince instead of sparring, the charm of his manner, the sparkling fun of his jests, and the purring, persuasive tones of his confidential appeals are all irresistible. A thorough patriot, Andrassy had learned in exile that in order to consolidate the position which his country had won, he must rest it on a broad and firm basis of popular liberties. Even now the Hungarians enjoy far more freedom than the Austrians. In one country parliamentary government is a solid reality, in the other a sham. In Austria newspapers can be confiscated and public meetings for political objects can be interdicted; in Hungary there is freedom of the press and unlimited right of public meeting. All this the Hungarians owe to the spirited and en-

* The imperial ministers of war and finance stand in the same case.

† Born 1823.

* The Roman Catholic Church in Hungary has always maintained a very independent attitude towards Rome, and declined to enter into the Concordat signed by Austria in 1855. There are moreover more than three million Protestants in Hungary, mostly Calvinists; whereas in Austria there are but four hundred and one thousand. The members of the various Greek churches number over four millions; there are fifty-five thousand Unitarians, and six hundred and thirty-eight thousand Jews. The conflict between Austria and Hungary was religious as much as civil, for the Hungarians fought for liberty of conscience against the spiritual ascendancy and tyranny of the Ultramontanes of Vienna.

lightened policy which Andrassy adopted from the very outset of his administration, his object being to place the Hungarian constitution at once and forever beyond reach of encroachments on the part of Viennese courtier statesmen.

But it was not enough to destroy Vienna's political supremacy; it was urgent to make Buda-Pesth a rival to Vienna as a social centre, and this Andrassy effected by persuading all the wealthy Hungarian magnates to transfer their town residences to the new capital. The court looked with great disfavor on this movement, which lowered the majesty of the Kaiserstadt; but Andrassy was not to be turned aside from his purpose, and his point blank appeals to patriotism put to shame those waverers who would have liked to remain seated on two stools. The results have been most splendid for Buda-Pesth, which in a few years has become one of the finest capitals of the second rank in Europe—the Brussels of the East. There is no parallel to the rapid and beautiful growth of this city except in Australia and the United States.

One great thing more, however, remained to be done for Hungary, and this was to make its will paramount in directing the foreign policy of the whole monarchy. On the outbreak of the Franco-German War of 1870, Count Beust, after trying without success to detach the southern States of Germany from the Prussian alliance, proceeded with the help of Prince Richard Metternich and the Chevalier Nigra (Austrian and Italian ambassadors in Paris) to conclude a private arrangement between Austria, Italy, and France. Public opinion in Vienna was at that time thoroughly anti-Prussian, and the court burned to be avenged of Sadowa. If the campaign had begun with a French victory, there is no doubt that a triple coalition would have been formed against Prussia; the Catholic States of Germany, disgusted by defeat would have passed as in 1866 to the side of Austria, and the power of the Hohenzollerns would have been shattered. Even after the French defeats at Woerth and Forbach it seemed to Count Beust that the coalition might still be formed, and there was a whole fortnight during which the attitude of Austria was watched with most anxious misgiving by Count Bismarck. But it was during this fortnight that Count Andrassy asserted himself unmistakably on the side of Prussia, and roused the people and parliament of Hungary to support him. While the German victories were

being deplored in Vienna, they were hailed with delight in Pesth. In face of such a deep division of opinion in the monarchy, Beust saw that it would be imprudent to stir; so the opportunity passed by, and, long before the end of the war, Vienna, remembering at last that it was a German city, completely veered round in its sentiments, and ended by joining in the Hungarian satisfaction at the overthrow of France. As a natural consequence of all this, Count Beust—whose policy in Saxony as in Austria had been one of inveterate enmity, public and personal, towards Bismarck—ceased to be possible as a foreign minister; and in November, 1871, Andrassy took his place.

Andrassy had sided with Prussia from motives entirely Hungarian. If Prussia had been crushed and Austria had reconquered her hegemony in Germany, it would have been a bad thing for Hungarian liberties. Silesia would have returned to the Hapsburg crown; Francis Joseph becoming German emperor would have recovered his autocracy; and Austrian absolutism, joining hands with Russian absolutism as in 1849, would have driven the Magyars once more to civil war and extermination. It was Andrassy's ambition that Hungary, free and formidable, should be the backbone of the Hapsburg empire. He wished that the German element in the monarchy should be strong—strong enough to hold its own against the Czechs and Poles of Austria—but not preponderant so as to weigh upon Hungary. He also looked to the gradual extension of the monarchy eastward, so that in time a great Danubian empire or confederation might be formed, having the Magyar land for its pivot.

The wonder is that Count Andrassy, having caused the emperor Francis Joseph to miss the more congenial destinies which Count Beust had planned for his Majesty, should nevertheless have become such a personal favorite of the emperor's. The great facts of his administration are the boundless influence which he acquired over the emperor, and the sagacity with which he used this influence to cement a strong alliance between Austria-Hungary and Germany. In every Hungarian statesman hostility to Russia is the mainspring of action, and so it was in Andrassy's case. By enabling Germany to depend upon Austria, he removed the chance of a Russo-German understanding. Later, when the English Conservative administration of 1874 came into office, Great Britain became included in the anti-Rus-

sian League, and the Congress of Berlin definitely consecrated a policy which bound Bismarck, Beaconsfield, and Andrassy together.

About a year after the Berlin treaty, Count Andrassy suddenly left office. Why? The reason is not positively known by anybody except the emperor of Austria — perhaps not even by Andrassy himself. Some say that the minister had grown arrogant in office, and that the emperor, who does not understand pleasantries on matters of etiquette, ended by growing tired of his familiar free-and-easy ways. It is certain that Andrassy did develop in his high station some characteristics of the Turkish pasha. He had a lordly way of leaving ambassadors to be received by an under secretary; he allowed despatches to remain unopened for weeks and unanswered for months. He was not always careful to avoid wounding the vanity of those petty bureaucrats, who, if not powerful, *peuvent mordre au talon*, as the wily Metternich put it. Officials of this kind murmured all the time he was in power at the confusion into which he threw the affairs of his department by his inattention to business; while his off-hand habit of promoting men according to merit, or according to his friendship for them, raised him some active enemies higher up the ladder. Then Andrassy loved the external pomps of his rank. He figured much in his showy Hungarian uniform. His equipages were princely, his hospitalities profuse, and, surrounded by obsequious guests of every degree, he sought too much to impress the idea that he was master of the empire. He was the first minister for foreign affairs in Austria who ever patronized journalists assiduously, and thereby kept his name constantly in print.

All this, however, cannot have shaken Andrassy's position with the emperor; for the minister on leaving office remained his sovereign's trusted friend, and is even now on all important occasions his confidential adviser. To suppose Andrassy capable of offending the emperor by want of tact is to misread his character, and his perfect courtly grace. Even in Andrassy's studied impertinences towards the nonentities of diplomacy and officialdom there was always something amusing and good-tempered which half disarmed resentment. One must therefore look for the secret of his fall in purely political motives; and it will not be guessing far amiss to presume that Prince Bismarck was the author of it.

When the Austro-German alliance had been solemnly manifested to the world by Prince Bismarck's visit to Vienna in 1879, it remained only for Germany to rest and be thankful. Andrassy was a capital minister for action, but not the man to be content with the policy of perfect peace which had become expedient for a time. The German emperor wanted peace. Russia, bound to good behavior by the Berlin treaty and exhausted by her war with Turkey, was not likely to give trouble for some years. In England a general election was impending; and before attempting to draw the bond between Great Britain and her two imperial allies closer, it was necessary to see whether Lord Beaconsfield's lease of power was going to be renewed. Under these circumstances it must have seemed to Prince Bismarck that one foreign minister for the two allied empires was quite enough. It was useless to expect of Andrassy that he should play a subordinate part. He would co-operate, but not be dictated to. The man for Bismarck's purpose was one who would look upon the foreign office in Vienna as a mere branch of the establishment in Berlin; and such a man was found in Baron Haymérle.*

The general election of 1880, by restoring Mr. Gladstone to power, turned the whole current of European policy, and justified the wisdom of Andrassy's retirement. By his menace to Austria and his railing accusations against Bismarck in the Midlothian speeches the leader of the Liberal party alienated Austria and Germany,† and drove those two States to outbid England — or rather the English ministry — for Russia's alliance. Andrassy could have been no party to such an operation, and he must have resigned after Mr. Gladstone's return had he not done so before. Haymérle tacked obediently to the new policy under Bismarck's orders; but when he died a much more eager, able, and adroit advocate of the three emperors' alliance appeared in

* Andrassy was slow to believe that the emperor intended to dismiss him; but when his suspicions were aroused, he used a little stratagem to learn the truth. He feigned to be ill; and the emperor called upon him. At the door his Majesty was met by Countess Andrassy in tears, who complained that her husband was prostrate from overwork: "He will really be obliged to resign, sire!" "Well, not just yet," answered the emperor unguardedly. A few days later Andrassy gave in his resignation, and said to a friend: "When a clever dog sees preparations made for throwing him out of the window, he walks out by the door."

† "Austria! Show me any point on the earth where it has established anything good!" "Prince Bismarck! He is the disturber who bears the guilt of all the convulsions and evils in the world." (Mr. Gladstone in Midlothian, 1880.)

Count Kalnoky, who was summoned to the foreign office from the embassy at St. Petersburg. Kalnoky ought to feel under obligations towards Mr. Gladstone, for he could never have become foreign minister if England and Austria had remained friends.

Kalnoky is diametrically the opposite of Andrássy. Born in 1832, he began life as a hussar officer, and was nearing his thirtieth year when he resolved to pass his examination for the diplomatic service. It is said that his colonel, Prince Alexander of Wurtemberg (father of the Duke of Teck), cautioned him earnestly against thus sacrificing his military prospects. "In another year or two," he said, "you would be a captain; but you will never make your way in diplomacy." Kalnoky, however, had been quietly studying languages and international law, and in twelve years he reached the rank of minister plenipotentiary. His old colonel lived to see him minister for foreign affairs and honorary general in the army.

Count Kalnoky is a slim man—"a head less than Bismarck," Viennese wags say—very bald, with an eyeglass, a military moustache, a stiff gait, a frowning expression, and a supercilious manner. He affects to give diplomatists of the minor degree one finger. He is unmarried, not addicted to hospitality (there has been no ball at the foreign office since he came there), and he never absents himself from his post more than three or four days at a time. His defect is conceit; his qualities are untiring methodical industry, evenness of temper, and really remarkable talents as a linguist. English he learned while secretary to the embassy in London, and he speaks it with faultless ease.

As foreign minister it has been Count Kalnoky's object to remain the subservient *protégé* of Prince Bismarck—whom he sees regularly once a year—and to promote the best understanding between Austria and Russia. It was with the most tranquil satisfaction that he watched the Afghan imbroglio draw Russia away from European affairs, and with utter dismay that he heard of the revolution at Philippopolis, which suddenly re-opened the Eastern question. His lack of authority was then shown in his inability to restrain Servia from making war upon Bulgaria; and his want of statesmanlike shrewdness in stopping the Bulgarians at the moment when they were about to win a decisive victory over King Milan. All through the Eastern crisis he proved that he was not a helmsman who could be

trusted in a gale; and if his system of nervous little concessions to Russia should end—as such a system generally does—in making Russia grasp abruptly at more than Austria-Hungary can allow her to take, Count Kalnoky will certainly have to retire.

His successor in that case might be Count Andrássy, but would more probably be M. Benjamin de Kallay, now finance minister of the empire. M. de Kallay is a Hungarian who has risen by his success in parliamentary life, not by court favor; and in Austria that says everything. There is in those Hungarian politicians a sturdy independence which is altogether wanting in the statesmen who are products of Viennese bureaucracy. M. de Kallay, who is a brilliant writer as well as an expert debater, some years ago made his views on the Eastern question known in a pamphlet which caused a resounding din from Vienna to St. Petersburg. In this essay Salonica was plainly marked as the goal of Austria-Hungary's ambition, and the Russians were warned against any advance beyond the Bulgarian frontier. M. de Kallay's arrival at the foreign office would therefore signify that the Hapsburgs and Romanoffs were about to try conclusions in earnest for supremacy in the Balkans.

M. de Kallay is a handsome man of middle age, with a good figure, a most intellectual head, soft, dreamy eyes, and fascinating conversational powers. He has none of Count Kalnoky's "uprightness;" but an easy dignity, a fund of solid knowledge on Eastern affairs, and pent-up energies which push him on to any work he undertakes with the force of steam. Besides being minister of finance for the empire* he is administrator of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and spends several weeks every year travelling about those provinces to promote public works and acquaint himself with the wishes and grievances of the inhabitants. He is generally liked and trusted; and should it happen that there will be no occasion for his services at the foreign office, he will doubtless become the next Hungarian prime minister in succession to M. Tisza.

M. Kolman Tisza has now been nearly eleven years in office as premier of a Liberal administration. The influence which he exercises in Austria-Hungary is hardly understood in England. When a country has just been endowed with parliamen-

* Austria and Hungary each has its finance minister, and the work of the imperial finance minister, who has only the common budget to manage, is not large.

tary institutions the candidates for office are many, and the competition keen; it is no small thing under such circumstances for a man to hold the premiership for more than ten years. Nothing in M. Tisza's outward appearance, ordinary manner, or conversation, explains his success. He looks like an old Jew clothesman. Hooknosed, spectacled, with stooping shoulders, unkempt beard, and long gray hair trailing over the collar of a shabby coat, he is no imposing personage. He wears the shabbiest of hats, and smokes cheap cigars all day long. He is a man of few words. Disdainful of little courtesies, he never tries to ingratiate himself, and does not seem to care whom he offends by his brusqueness. He is not a fine orator, nor a great financier, nor a bold party manager — yet he is the most popular man in Hungary, and the most respected. His inornate speeches are more telling than those of any other man, his administration is masterly; and apparently without the slightest effort he holds a large, restive, jibbing party in hand like a well-broken team.

A parallel between M. Tisza and Mr. Gladstone in the Plutarch manner might bring out the simple causes of the Hungarian minister's power. M. Tisza is honest, religious (he belongs to the strictest Calvinist sect), and Liberal; yet no one has ever seen him boast of his principles, or make a parade of his piety, or seek to prove his Liberalism by spleenetic denunciations of men who did not agree with him. He is singularly abstemious of remarks upon his opponents' motives. His patience is wonderful. He applies himself to convince, and if he fails, begins again with unruffled temper and plodding tenacity. His adversaries accuse him of having no principles, but he has at least never called heaven and earth to witness of his consistency. His statements are so plain that they admit of no two meanings and have never to be glosed away. If he alters his mind, he says so, and submits to jeers with a shrug. His Liberal policy has always consisted in legislating for actual wants, not in creating wants for the purpose of showy legislation. Having satisfied himself that there is a general movement of opinion in particular direction, he heads that movement, but contrives that the measures which it produces shall do as little injury and cause as little irritation as possible to those who have withheld it. Compromise is with him the very essence of management. In the most difficult legislative work which

any statesman could undertake — the reform of the House of Magnates — he was confronted by what seemed at first an overwhelming opposition; but he carried his point without threats, without appeals to class passions, and his victory left no soreness on those whom he had vanquished. He might no doubt have carried his point faster and with much less labor to himself if he had gone on the stump through Hungary, harangued Slavonian, Servian, Roumanian, and Croatian peasants out of railway-carriage windows, and sent showers of post-cards flying over the land. But this is not M. Tisza's way. A patriotic delicacy of no common order makes him shrink from offering the spectacle of Hungarian disunion to the eyes of other countries, and especially to the mocking eyes of Austria. He would at any time rather forego a personal advantage than appear to have gained it by making a host of enemies; and it is because the Hungarians feel that it is his ambition on all occasions to speak for a great and willing majority of the nation — and whenever possible for the entire nation — that they admire him, trust him, and follow him.

One can praise M. Tisza without disparaging the young leader of the Hungarian Conservative party. Count Albert Apponyi is the greatest orator in his country, and he would take rank among the leading statesmen of any country, though he is not yet forty years old. Tall, fair, with a blonde beard, a pink complexion, and clear blue eyes, his face is of the Saxon not the Magyar type; and his oratory is essentially of the English order, appealing to reason more than to sentiment, temperate in terms, and scholarly in substance. Count Apponyi speaks English to perfection, though he has never found time to visit England; and he has profoundly studied English Parliamentary history. He is not less well read in the history of France and of Germany, and there is probably not a member of any parliament in the world who could match him in quoting constitutional precedents at a moment's notice. He moreover speaks and writes French and German like his own tongue, which is saying a great deal, for the elegance and purity of his diction in Hungarian are unsurpassed.

Apponyi's opposition to Tisza is, like most oppositions in parliamentary countries, waged rather upon practice than on principles. The line that divides constitutional Conservatives from moderate Liberals has become imperceptible, and

is continually being crossed and recrossed by both parties in their tactical evolutions. To assail a Liberal leader so circumspect as Tisza, a Conservative must often make incursions on to his enemy's ground and pick up the enemy's weapons ; so that hearing Apponyi one would generally imagine that he was the Liberal — nay, the Radical — and his rival the Conservative. Apponyi stands up for democratic against middle-class suffrage ; for the ballot against open voting ; for triennial parliaments against quinquennial. The reasons which he gives for this are that in Hungary elections are carried for government by administrative pressure and corruption, and that a wider suffrage, secret voting, and short parliaments, at least until the electoral system has been purified, offer the only remedies. There is a great deal of truth in all this; but in any case there is always something to say against a ministry that has been in office ten years. M. Tisza like other statesmen has his faults, and his colleagues individually and collectively have theirs ; they seldom get a parliamentary castigation without deserving a part of it. But the point to be noted is that Count Apponyi discharges his functions of systematic critic like a gentleman. He spars with the gloves on, and when he has taken them off he shakes hands with his opponents in private life. This kind of good-fellowship has become but too rare in these days of venomous Radical spite and platform revilings.

From Hungary we may pass back to Austria, from M. Tisza to Count Taaffe, who has been prime minister in the Cisleithan monarchy since 1879. Count Taaffe is an Irish peer,* whose family has been settled in Austria since the deposition of the Stuarts. When a boy he was the favorite playmate of the archduke Francis Joseph, now emperor, and he is always addressed in private by the sovereign as Edward. He is by far the most influential personage in the empire ; for the emperor has the strongest affection for him, treats him *en camarade*, and takes his advice in all things. A more agreeable counsellor it would be impossible for any monarch to have, for Count Taaffe is jocularly itself. It is difficult to describe his personal appearance, which is altogether peculiar. He is a short, stoutish man, with a rather Italian head, long, straight black hair, a skipping sort of walk, twinkling eyes, and a Rabelaisian

mouth broadened by continual smiling and laughter. Taaffe is not very learned, for he speaks no language well except German, and seems to care very little about what goes on in foreign countries. His business now is to govern Austria and manage the Reichsrath, and he confines himself to that.

Count Taaffe was governor of the Tyrol when the emperor called him to the premiership in succession to Prince Auersperg. The German Liberal party had been in office since the establishment of constitutionalism, and had gone to pieces through internal divisions. Count Taaffe set himself to form a governing majority by collecting into one party, which he dubbed Conservative, all the factions which had been in opposition to the German Liberals, but which had till then hated each other quite as much as they detested their common enemy. To make nationalist Czechs ally themselves with Poles, German clericals with both, and with Croats and Dalmatians besides, was a surprising feat ; and the German Liberals watched the experiment with amusement till they discovered with consternation that Count Taaffe's cement was holding, and that the ill-assorted political bricks had hardened into a concrete block. Of genuine union among the groups of the majority there is of course very little. They work together on a give-and-take arrangement, the Poles backing up all Czech demands, and *vice versa*. Count Taaffe, and he alone, is the man who holds all the groups together. One by one the members of his first administration dropped away from him, dismayed at his system of concessions to nationalist exigencies. He selected other colleagues — from the parliament so long as he could — and when these in their turn deserted, he had recourse to clever, well-trained officials who had never sat in the Reichsrath. At the same time he coolly let it be known that he did not consider himself a parliamentary premier, but acknowledged responsibility only to the emperor.

The fact is that the political atmosphere in Austria is altogether different from that in Hungary. In Hungary the parliament is the centre of national life. In Austria the Reichsrath appears to live only on sufferance. It has no part in directing the foreign policy of the empire ; the majority of its members are elected by crown influence ;* and courtiers, sol-

* Eleventh Viscount Taaffe and Baron Ballymote in the peerage of Ireland. Creation, 1628. The family is Roman Catholic.

* The Reichsrath is composed of county members returned by an election in two degrees : county members elected by the great landowners, representatives

diers, and officials hate it in their hearts. Count Taaffe himself looks upon it commercially as an incumbrance in the way of government, and doubtless thinks he may live to see it swept away, and a military absolutism of the good-natured paternal *gemütlich* sort substituted for it.

In Vienna and all other German cities Count Taaffe's policy is so execrated that unless its author were the man he is, his name would never be pronounced without an objurgation. As it is, the Germans forgive him a great deal because of the jokes which he cracks so constantly, and because of the kind things he says and does. He is a *bon vivant*, not an oppressor. He is always "happy to oblige;" he bears no grudges, and he has not a particle of pride. In the Viennese comic papers he is always caricatured with good-natured touches as a facetious and successful trickster—a merry-andrew with one finger to his nose. The German Liberals, who despair of getting rid of him by a parliamentary vote, are reduced to hoping that the emperor and he may some day agree that the system of decentralization has been pushed far enough; and indeed there are signs that this is the case already. The more Count Taaffe has given to the nationalist groups, the more they have asked; and it has become evident that by tugging this way and that with their autonomous projects they will, unless stopped, rend the empire into fragments. But Count Taaffe is not much interested personally in the experiment which he has tried. He undertook it to please the emperor and to dish the German Liberals, who used to imagine that no government could exist without them. If now the emperor should see fit to try a new system, Count Taaffe will cheerfully exchange his present post for another; but whether the German Liberals will then have a long spell of power again, or whether the conflict of nationalities will make it necessary to choose a neutral ministry entirely removed from parliamentary influences, is a question which only time can answer. Much must depend on whether Austria-Hungary has to fight a great war, and much again on the position in which the army will have left the dynasty after a war.

So intimately bound up with the future of Austria-Hungary are the destinies of Bulgaria and Servia, that the statesmen

of the chambers of commerce; and burgesses (about one-third) elected by something like universal suffrage—that is, by voters paying five florins a year in rates and taxes.

of Vienna and Buda-Pesth watch with a very keen attention the politicians of Sofia and Belgrade. When Prince Milan of Servia (now king) attained his majority he was wholly under the direction of M. Jean Ristics, who had been the foremost member of the Council of Regency since Prince Michael's assassination. This politician, who is a zealous Panslavist, remained prime minister for some years, and labored to bring Servia completely under Russian thralldom. The Russians promised to reward his subserviency by realizing the great Serbian idea—in other words, by creating a strong Serbian kingdom, which would include Bosnia, Herzegovina, Novi-Bazar, and a part of Macedonia; but the events of 1876-8 showed the Servians that they had been duped. They fought the Turks, were beaten, and got nothing. The Roumanians, who had also trusted the Russians, and had helped them to vanquish the Turks, were rewarded by having Bessarabia taken from them. Meanwhile Austria nipped the great Serbian idea in the bud by appropriating Bosnia and Herzegovina to herself.

The Servians turned away in disgust from Russia, and Prince Milan, awaking to the suspicion that the king of the great Serbia which the Panslavists had promised to create would have been the Prince of Montenegro, and not himself, turned away from M. Ristics. A Progressist Cabinet was formed* to cultivate good relations with Austria, and Prince Milan was soon recompensed by getting the title of king, mainly through the emperor of Austria's patronage. Since then the Progressists have remained in office, and M. Ristics's party in the Skupstchina has dwindled to insignificance. But his party in the country is still fairly strong, and the battle between him and M. Milutine Garaschanin, the Progressist leader and prime minister, is not over yet.

M. Garaschanin was formerly a colonel of artillery, and was trained at the French Military Academy of St. Cyr. He is a tall, square-set man, with a gray beard, a stolid expression of countenance, and a blunt, bluff manner. Ristics, on the contrary, is a lean man of the Cassius type, with an ashen face, deep-sunk eyes, and a cold, piercing glance. When Ristics is talking he passes a thin white hand nervously through a pair of extraordinarily long whiskers *à la Russe*, and his eyes seem to look right through the person

* M. Ristics's party call themselves Liberals.

whom he is addressing. There is something sardonic in his smile; and he only smiles when uttering a sarcasm. When in office he ruled with an iron rod, and filled every gaol in Servia with his enemies, whom, to save trouble, he called the prince's enemies, and indicted for high treason as such. Now that he is in opposition he is much grieved at the wickedness of M. Garaschanin, who puts the screw upon electors, and quashes opposition returns which are not to his taste. In truth, the two politicians are much of a muchness as to political honesty, and it remains to be seen whether the struggle between them will not break through the restraints of a lath and plaster constitution and end in civil war. M. Garaschanin has against him the responsibilities of the disastrous war with Bulgaria; but on the other hand the Servians are quite aware that if M. Ristics had his way their country would lose its independence.

In Bulgaria there is a Ristics named Zankoff, and the national party in office is headed by M. Petko Karaveloff. Ten years ago this M. Karaveloff was a shaggy-looking, slovenly young professor at Moscow. He taught history and geography in one of the public schools, and gave lessons in private families; and this was only part of his work, for his principal business was to correspond as a Panslavist agent with insurrectionary committees in east Roumelia. The village of Kopritchitza, in which he was born, was that where the Roumeliot insurrection of 1876 broke out. Two years after this, Bulgaria was emancipated and had a constitution. In 1879 M. Karaveloff was elected to the Sobranje as a Radical; in 1880 he became cabinet minister; in 1881 Prince Alexander abolished the constitution, and M. Karaveloff had to fly to Philippopolis.

Prince Dondoukoff-Korsakoff, who had drafted the Bulgarian constitution, had expressly contrived it so that it should not work. He had intrigued to become prince of Bulgaria himself, and finding that this could not be, had determined to make the task of governing almost impossible for Prince Alexander. He doubtless calculated that in this way the Bulgarian throne would soon be vacant again, and offer him another chance.

The constitution granted to the Bulgarians, who had been living for centuries in slavery, was too democratic even for a people long inured to self-government. However, Prince Alexander's Russian enemies raised a virtuous shriek at his arbitrary act (after having privily instigated

him to perpetrate it), and they promoted so much agitation in the country that the constitution had to be restored.* Then M. Karaveloff returned in triumph from Philippopolis, upset the Zankoff ministry, and became prime minister in his turn.

Up till then M. Zankoff had been the persistent foe of Russian domination in Bulgaria, while M. Karaveloff had been for putting the country completely under the Russian yoke. Coming into office M. Karaveloff altered his mind, and M. Zankoff did the same, each donning the other's discarded opinions. At Philippopolis M. Karaveloff had conspired with the Russians against Prince Alexander; installed as prime minister at Sofia he conspired, not with the prince, but for him, against the Russians. The result was the revolution of September, 1885, at Philippopolis; and a further result has been that M. Zankoff, the whilom Russophobe, is now the active chief of a Russophil party which is trying to undo the work of that revolution.† How all this will end is another of those secrets appertaining to the ultimate solution of the Eastern question.

Formerly that fateful question seemed to concern Italy but little. But now there is a foreign minister at Rome who was fourteen years ambassador at Vienna, and who during that time succeeded in making Austria and Italy friends. Count Robilant did not accomplish this without having some far-sighted object in view. He is an old soldier who lost half an arm in fighting against the Austrians, and he has no great affection for them as a nation. Vienna he disliked; its stilted aristocratical society was uncongenial to a man of his vivacious disposition and sociable wit. Count Robilant is a *bel esprit*, who, if he had consulted only his own tastes, would have lived anywhere but in Austria; but having a patriotic object to serve, he set himself to study the men, manners, and politics of Austria-Hungary, until he came to know as much about them as the best-informed of Francis Joseph's subjects. Now that he is foreign minister he can and will turn his knowledge to account by making Austria reckon with Italy, either as a friend or an enemy, whenever the spoils of Turkey have to be divided. By calling the ablest

* After the late czar's death Prince Alexander had no friend at the Russian court. The present czar always disliked him.

† M. Karaveloff is married to a Russian lady, who is very learned in English and political economy. She has translated Stuart Mill's "Logic."

member of the Italian diplomatic body, Count Nigra, from London to fill the place which he had himself vacated, Count Robilant showed that he intended Vienna to remain the most important post from which to watch Italian interests. It is the post from which an eye like Nigra's or Robilant's can best keep a lookout over Albania — the Canaan of Young Italy.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.
PRINCE RUPERT.

THE history of England contains few figures of a more peculiar interest than that of Rupert, prince of Bohemia and general of the Cavaliers. The interest which belongs to his story is the interest of romance. The life of Rupert is an epic — as wild, as stirring, and as eventful as that of any of the heroes of Homer, of Mallory, or of Ariosto. In truth, with these old champions of the legends he had much in common. The interest which the details of his life excite resembles the interest excited by the exploits of Achilles, of Roland, or of Lancelot of the Lake. Like them, he moved in a constant whirl of wild adventure; like theirs, his fame is not the fame of a great general — of the brain that devises and the eye that foresees — it is the fame of the free hero who fights for his own lance. But no Homer, no Ariosto, has seized on Rupert's exploits and left them "married to immortal verse."

What may be called the first division of his life — it ended with the field of Naseby — is that part of it which bears conspicuously the color of romance. In its main events the story of that period is as follows: —

Rupert was born at Prague in December, 1619. His race combined the splendors of two proud houses. His mother was the daughter of a king of England; his father, Frederic, king of Bohemia and Palatine of the Rhine, traced his grey line through Otho back to Charlemagne, and beyond him, through the dusk of ages, to the fierce Attila who called himself the scourge of God. Rupert's birth was celebrated at an hour of passing peace. But the fiery cloud of war, then wandering over Europe, was already drawing threateningly towards his father's kingdom. Soon the savage chime of arms began to be heard about his cradle. The banners of Maximilian were seen shining on the slopes of the White Mountain. The bat-

tle of Prague was fought — and lost. The beautiful city fell. Frederic and his queen were forced to fly; and when at last, after months of hardship, they again found refuge, it was to look no more upon the palaces, the gardens, the bazaars, the proud spires, and the wandering waters of the fairest city in the world, but upon the dykes and fens of Holland. The royal exiles found asylum in a palace at the Hague; and there for many years they continued to reside.

Rupert and his elder brother were sent to the University of Leyden. Rupert hated the classics; but his passion for reading books on the science of war caused him to pick up French, Spanish, and Italian readily. In the feats of the gymnasium he was soon without a rival; while his aptitude for arms was such, that at fourteen he was judged capable of commanding a regiment. With the pistol he became a deadly shot — a curious proof of which is said to be still existing at St. Mary's Church, at Stafford, where, many years after, on a wager with the king, he sent two bullets in succession through the weather-cock on the spire. Field sports of every kind were his delight. His mother had always been pre-eminently fond of hunting, and the boy, during his holidays, was sometimes allowed to join her parties. On one of these expeditions, Rupert and a favorite hound outstripped the rest of the party and became lost to sight. When the company reached the spot where they had vanished, nothing was to be seen but a pair of boots sticking out of a hole in a bank. The astonished hunters pulled at the boots, and presently pulled out the prince, the prince pulled out the hound, and the hound pulled out the fox. Nor were foxes' tails his only trophies. While he was still at Leyden, the Prince of Orange held a tournament for the knights-errant of his court. Rupert entered the lists, overthrew all his opponents, and was crowned at the close of the day, amidst the notes of trumpets and the shouts of thousands of spectators, by a fair lady, with a garland of flowers. He was then not yet fifteen.

It was the succeeding year that Rupert came, for the first time, to England, on a visit to the court of his uncle Charles. That court, then at the height of its gay splendor, was regarded by every sovereign in Europe with envy and despair. A king of fine artistic taste, a beautiful and pleasure-loving queen, had combined to make of it a sparkling and amusing world. It was a world in which genius was the slave

of beauty. Vandyke was painting there the beautiful and noble faces, and filling his canvas with the peaked beards, the flowing locks, the plumed hats, the scarves, the ruffs, the lace collars, and the rich armor, in which his soul delighted. Ferasasco was setting knights and ladies dancing all night long to the strains of his bright and joyous music. Inigo Jones was laying out his terraces. Ben Jonson was displaying his masques.

It is true that even then, outside the palace walls, an angry sea was rising. But, hitherto, the sun continued shining, though the tempest muttered in its caves.

Into this world of pleasure Charles received his nephew kindly, welcomed him to all the amusements of the court, and even promised to provide for him. But it was not very easy to decide how this was to be done. Several plans were suggested. Laud, with fine insight both into Rupert's character and into the good of the Church, proposed to make him a bishop. Then, on Rupert's surprising refusal to deck himself in lawn sleeves and a mitre, a plan was projected for sending him as viceroy to Madagascar, with charge to send home every year to England an argosy of oranges, sugar, spices, turtle-shells, and gold. Why this scheme fell through does not appear. Rupert himself was eager to accept it; but for whatever reason, the expedition never sailed. It was then resolved that Rupert must pick up an heiress — and the daughter of the Duke of Rohan was the lady selected by the king. The match, however, came to nothing; and Rupert remained about the court, without any very settled prospects or position, hunting, dancing, masquing, sitting to Vandyke, or studying the fine arts, for over eighteen months.

In the mean time, affairs in Bohemia were changing. Frederic and his eldest son were now both dead. Charles Louis, the next in age, was heir to the kingdom of the Palatines, in which the rotten old Duke of Bavaria now sat. Frederic had spent the last ten years of his life in futile efforts to regain his crown; and, at his death, that mission had devolved upon his heir. But the duke was shadowed by the banners of the Empire; and the army which, with infinite exertion, Louis had at last succeeded in collecting, did not, including a detachment of the Swedes, exceed four thousand men. With this array, however, such as it was, he resolved to fly at the throat of the old robber; and his plans for the attempt were now mature. Rupert flung himself eagerly into the en-

terprise. Bidding adieu to masques and hunting parties, he crossed over to his brother's camp, and plunged at once into the smoke of war. He was placed at the head of a regiment of cavalry; and presently found himself, under the flags of battle, marching against Lemgo.

The road lay past a grim and scowling fortress, the garrison of Rhennius. Rupert, burning for battle, and careless of his enemy, was unable to resist the sight. He determined to assault the fortress with his troop of horse. The cavalry of the garrison, in twice his numbers, rushed furiously out at his approach; and then, for the first time, the sight was seen of Rupert riding at the charge. It was a spectacle afterwards to be witnessed with wonder and terror on many a famous field. The enemy were swept away like chaff. A few fled back over the drawbridge and rushed into the town. There was not much more of real resistance than a rabble of camp followers might have offered to the charge of the tenth legion.

Rupert, with colors flying and bugles singing, left the garrison to its meditations, and rejoined the cavalcade. The chief command of the expedition had been committed to Count Conigsmark; the Swedes were under a Scotchman of the name of King. Of these two officers, King was a traitor, who was only looking for an opportunity to forsake the cause; while the count's sole thought in drawing up a battle was how to place himself most safely in the rear. It was under these auspicious leaders that the Palatines at length found themselves in sight of the spires of Lemgo, but cut off from that city by a large and dangerous body of Austrian horse.

The conduct of the two commanders, now that a battle was imminent, was exactly what might have been expected from their respective characters. King posted his infantry and artillery at a spot where they were likely to be useless, and refused to stir. Conigsmark selected a narrow defile, in which he drew up his forces in four lines, his own being the rearguard and well within the shelter of the gorge. Hardly were his lines in order, when the Austrians, in close column, dashed upon him. Their onset broke the first line instantly; and its flying masses, hurled back upon the line behind it, wrecked that also. The third line, which now came into action, was thus exposed at once to the rush of fugitives from its own side, and to the charge of the enemy's horse. This line was Rupert's.

The shattered lines, instead of meeting the assailants with a charge as fiery as their own, had chosen to encounter the attack on their own ground. This was an error which Rupert was in little danger of committing. On seeing the ranks before him waver, he turned round in the saddle, and shook his drawn sword in the air. Instantly the spurs flew into the flanks of his five hundred. The charge that followed swept the enemy headlong out of the defile into the open plain.

The splendor of this exploit was extreme. It is half pitiful, half ludicrous, to relate the cause which made it unavailable. It had now become the duty of the rearguard to dart forward in support of Rupert's charge; and, had this been done, the chance of victory might have been recovered. But the disaster of the foremost lines had been enough for Conigsmark; and the count, with a white face and a beating heart, was already retreating up the gorge at the top of his speed. Rupert was left alone and unsupported in the midst of tenfold odds. King looked on with unconcern; the enemy had time to rally; fresh troops were hurried up; and though fighting every foot of ground with desperate courage, Rupert's men were gradually forced back into the gorge. Soon parties of the enemy began to gather on the hills above them, and to steal downwards among the boulders in their rear. Nothing so much resembles the spectacle which followed as some wild story of the ancient legends. Rupert's position was desperate; his friends had forsaken him; he was caught between the devil and the deep sea. At the foot of the only standard which still reared above the tempest the colors of the Palatines, he fought till every man about him fell. Then, collecting his strength for a final effort, he burst through the swords of his assailants, and put his horse at a stone wall. The exhausted beast refused the leap, and fell back upon his haunches. Before he could recover himself a score of cuirassiers rushed up, and Rupert was a prisoner.

His first experience of the field, thus ended, singularly resembles that of every field in which, in after years, he played a part. That day was fatal to his cause; but it covered his own name with glory. And such was to be Rupert's fate through life. He never charged an enemy whom he did not scatter to the winds. At Rhenanus, at Lemgo, at Worcester, at Edgehill, at Marston Moor, at Naseby—it was everywhere the same. It was his singu-

lar destiny to fight for the falling flag on every field, and to emerge from every field with added glory.

He was now the captive of the Empire. His prison was appointed in the ancient Tower of Lintz—a rock-built, battlemented donjon, black with age, which looked gloomily upon the waters of the Danube. Except for the loss of liberty, however, he was put to no great hardship. It is true that Ferdinand, nettled at his abrupt refusal either to ask for pardon, to turn Catholic, or to fight under the Austrian banners, put him for a short time under guard; but generally he enjoyed the freedom of the castle and the castle gardens; and in course of time he even obtained leave of parole for three days together, during which he was free to pay visits in the neighborhood of the castle, to hunt the chamois among the perilous crags which overhung the river, or to track, among the windings of the lower valleys, a fox, a wild boar, or a stag of ten. Nor was the ancient tower a dungeon wholly given up to gloom. Count Kuffstein, the governor of the castle, was an old soldier, with whom it was no hardship for a younger to exchange a story, or to sit down to a flask of Rhenish; while his daughter, Mademoiselle de Kuffstein, was a lovely girl, whose beauty and spirit consumed the hearts of numberless adorers for ten miles up and down the Danube. Such society, even in a prison, makes time fly; and, moreover, Rupert, even when debarred from hunting, discovered several means of lightening the burden of captivity. He studied chemistry; he played tennis; he practised with a rifle; he tamed a hare, as a present to the lady of the tower; he improved, with the same object, a device of Albert Dürer for drawing perspectives. He also spent much time and patience in training a magnificent white dog, of a very rare breed, which he called Boy. This dog, which afterwards accompanied him in all his perils, became in time as well known in the field as his master, and almost as much dreaded; for when Rupert's name had grown to a sound of terror in the ears of the Roundheads, his dog was regarded by the superstitious among them as a familiar spirit, which brought him unvarying success. Various extraordinary opinions arose respecting his nature and power. Some declared that he could swallow the deadliest poisons without injury. Some held that he was, in reality, a Lapland lady, who had been changed by enchantment into an animal. Some believed

that he was a powerful wizard, and some that he was the devil. One thing, however, is certain—that no wizardry had rendered him immortal; for, to Rupert's infinite regret, he was killed at last in the battle of Marston Moor, in the act of pulling down a Roundhead.

The prince had need of all his devices to kill time; for his captivity was long. Three years were wasted in negotiations for his release. At the end of that time he found himself at liberty, without other condition than his word of parole that he would not again take arms against the Empire.

Those years had covered England with a gloom that deepened. Charles had now advanced to the verge of the war. The queen was in Holland, employed in pledging the crown jewels, and endeavoring to raise supplies. Henrietta sent for Rupert, informed him that the king had appointed him general of the horse, and was then expecting him in England. Rupert put hastily to sea in a small vessel called the Lion, which was driven back by a tempest and nearly wrecked. He again set sail, and landed at last at Tynemouth in the dusk of an evening which, though the month was August, was as cold as winter. Impatiently refusing to delay his journey for an instant, he threw himself on a horse and rode forward. In the midst of a dark and frozen road the horse slipped, his rider was thrown violently against a jagged edge of rock, and dislocated his shoulder. The limb was set by a surgeon who was luckily discovered within half a mile of the spot. But Rupert, to his great vexation, lost some hours.

At length, in spite of every misadventure, he came up with the king. The place was Leicester Abbey. The time was evening—the evening which preceded a momentous day. War had not yet been finally declared. But the next morning, upon a rising ground within the park at Nottingham, the king unfurled his standard. An omen attended the ceremony which would have appeared to a Roman soothsayer as full of warning as a sacred chicken which refused its food, or a bullock found at the sacrifice to be without a heart. No sooner was the standard raised than a fierce tempest blew it down. Again the heralds raised it; and again, as if the ancient elemental powers viewed with indignation the folly of man, the tempest bore the standard away. At last it was secured with strong cords to the flag-staff on the turret of the ancient castle,

and the little blood-red flag of battle which streamed above it was seen shining afar out over the windy vale of Trent.

And now, in awful and splendid succession, the scenes of the civil war begin to pass before us. At those scenes we shall glance rapidly, beholding, as in the rolling pictures of a panorama, a few of the varied aspects of Rupert in the field.

The Royal Horse, to which he found himself appointed, consisted of a few ranks of ragged troopers, ill-equipped with corslets, casques, and even swords. At the head of these, Rupert rode out of Nottingham. For a month he scoured the country day and night; he stormed garrisons, taxed cities, despoiled the tormented Puritans of horses, saddles, swords, carbines, pistols, armor, doublets, plumes; and at the end of that time rode into Shrewsbury at the head of more than three thousand followers, all mounted on good horses, armed with good swords, glittering from head to foot in coats of mail, gay with crimson cloaks, gilt spurs, and dancing feathers, and burning for battle with all the spirit of their chief.

With some five hundred of these troops he was resting, on an autumn afternoon, in some meadows outside Worcester. The day was sultry; the men were hot and wearied; and they were glad to take off their armor, which had become heated by the sun, and to lie down at full length in the deep grass, under the shadow of a clump of lime-trees. No enemy was suspected to be at hand; no watch was kept; and the first signal of danger was given by a trooper who chanced to lift his head out of the deep herbage, and whose eye was caught by the sparkle of a coat of mail emerging from a narrow road which led towards the meadows. The alarm was just in time. A thousand horse, the picked troops of the enemy, clad in complete armor, had stolen upon them in the silence of the autumn day, and were on the point of sweeping down upon their drowsy groups. Rupert snatched a sword, leaped into a saddle, and dashed bare-headed upon their ranks. His men flew after him. Four hundred of the enemy were killed on the spot, or swept into the river and drowned. The rest flew back into Pershore in a panic of fear. While the sight of their white faces and bloody spurs was striking terror into the people of the town, Rupert, with six standards, and a rich prize of horses, went leisurely back to pick up his armor under the lime-trees. He had only lost five men.

Two days later he was riding out alone,

for the purpose of reconnoitring the position of the enemy. Their camp was posted on Dunsmore Heath. On the road he came up with a country fellow, who was sitting on the shaft of an apple-cart, and flogging his horse in the direction of the camp. Rupert bribed the man with a guinea, put on his smock-frock and slouched hat, took his seat on the shaft, cracked his whip, and proclaiming in a loud voice that his apples were the finest and the cheapest in the world, drove coolly into the heart of the enemy's encampment. There he inspected their position at leisure, sold his apples to the troopers, and drove the cart back to its owner, who was holding his horse in the road. Then, taking off his disguise, and giving the man another guinea, he bade him drive in turn into the camp and enquire of the soldiers how they liked the apples which Prince Rupert had sold them.

A month later, the full force of the king's army met the full force of the Roundheads at the battle of Edgehill. Rupert's share in that great action may be summed up very briefly. He won one portion of the battle. His allies lost the other.

On the morning of that day the royal troops were drawn up on the brow of the steep rising which looks down upon the Vale of the Red Horse. Below them, a wide plain stretched towards the town of Kineton; and from the streets of the town the Roundhead army came streaming forth into the open ground. First came Stapleton's cuirassiers, glittering in bright armor; then the troops of Denzil Holles, of Lord Brook, and of Lord Mandeville, in scarlet, in purple, and in blue. Rupert looked upon their hosts with glistening eyes. The day was Sunday; the time was the middle of the afternoon; the church bells were ringing among the elms on each side of the valley; and among the enemy the forms of the dark-robed preachers could be seen, moving with eager gestures between the armored ranks. On the king's side, the prayer of one brave man has been preserved for us: "O Lord, thou knowest how busy I must be this day; if I forget thee, do not thou forget me!" Such was the simple and noble prayer of Lindsey.

Rupert, at the head of his cavalry, rode slowly down the steep. The rest of the king's army followed, and gathered in the plain. It is said that its plumed and glittering ranks were watched from the hills by a spectator whose name is written on the scroll of fame in letters more lasting

than their own. From the slopes above the valley Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, is said to have watched, for many hours, the progress of the battle through a glass.

As the guns began to roar, Rupert, at the head of his brilliant troop, dashed forward at the charge. The ranks before him were swept back into the town in hopeless rout. Ramsey, their leader, drove the spurs into his horse and galloped towards St. Alban's. Lord Wharton fled headlong into a saw-pit, from which he peeped out at intervals at the Cavaliers despoiling his baggage, and thanked heaven that he was safe. Rupert, while his men were engaged in completing the victory and collecting the spoil, rode back, with a few attendants, to the field. He expected, as was natural, that what his wild energy had found so easy his allies had not found impossible. But the event had proved far otherwise. When he reached the field, he found the remnants of the two armies still engaged in a bitter struggle. The ground was strewn with the dead and dying; the royal standard was taken; and only a few noblemen were left about the king.

Rupert had no men with whom to charge. Night was falling; and before either side could claim a victory, darkness parted the contending armies. Lord Wharton crept out of his saw-pit, and made off to his own party. There was no moon; a biting wind was blowing; and Rupert and the king sat all that night beside a fire of brushwood, which they kept burning on the hillside. When day dawned, the two broken armies, like two wounded wolves, lay glaring at each other, neither daring to renew the fight. When night again fell, Essex drew off his shattered forces, leaving the empty name of victory to the king.

In reality, the only victor of that day was Rupert.

The king retired to Oxford; and gradually his court, which was now settled there, began to reassume some likeness of its ancient splendor. Rupert had rooms in Christchurch; and thence is to be seen, for many months, darting out at intervals, over the ancient bridge of Magdalen, to skirmish with the enemy, or to head the storming parties at the walls of towns and garrisons. At Brentford, which was the first to feel his power, his cavalry was stopped by redoubts of stones, and by barricades of carts, wagons, tables, chairs, and beds, through which poured a ceaseless fire of musketry. Rupert headed a

troop of foot, tore the barricades in pieces, rushed into the breach at the head of his cavalry, and swept the enemy out of the streets. At Lichfield, for the first time in English warfare, he employed a powder-mine. The walls of the cathedral close, within which the enemy was ensconced, were too strong for his artillery. Rupert drained the moat, constructed a mine, and filled it with five barrels of powder. While he was thus engaged, the Puritans looked over the walls in fancied safety, or entertained their leisure, after the curious fashion of the godly, within the walls of the cathedral. They hunted a cat about the nave, baptised a calf at the carven font, pulled down the images of saints and prophets, smashed the painted windows and the gilded organ-pipes, broke up the communion plate, and set all the bells in the steeple ringing in derisive peals. In the mean time the mine was ready. Rupert waited for the fall of evening. The match was applied; a tremendous explosion was heard; a yawning gulf, filled with smoke, appeared in the walls; and the besiegers rushed in through the ruins. The enemy, in terror, instantly raised a white flag on the cathedral, and surrendered. Rupert allowed them to march out under the honors of war.

On a Sunday morning in the middle of June his trumpets were heard ringing among the cloisters and quadrangles of the ancient city; and presently, amidst the cheering of the people, Rupert and his cavalry were seen riding out across the bridge and through the city gates. He first fell upon Lewknor, an outpost of the enemy, where he seized a great number of horses, arms, and prisoners. Thence he pushed on through Chinnor, where he stormed another outpost, and came up with the main body of the enemy at Chalgrove Field. There he drew up his cavalry in a wide cornfield bounded by a hedge; and in this position he waited, while the enemy, pouring down the slopes of Gelder's Hill, advanced on the other side of the dividing barrier. Presently their skirmishers began to fire their carbines between the roots of the low fence of thorn. That sound was Rupert's signal. He instantly rushed over the hedge at the head of his men and scattered their ranks to the winds.

It was in attempting to resist this charge that Hampden received the wound that caused his death. No reader of Lord Macaulay will have forgotten the pathetic picture of the dying patriot, as "with his head drooping, and his hands resting on

his horse's neck, he moved feebly out of the battle." Within six days he was a corpse.

In the mean time Rupert rode back to Oxford. His troops were followed by a long train of prisoners, horses, captured standards, and baggage wagons heaped with spoil. The huzzas of the townspeople and the smiles of the court ladies which greeted his return, could not be said to be undeserved. Within a space of forty-eight hours from the time he started he had ridden fifty miles, taken two outposts and many standards, fought and won a pitched battle, killed both the officers who opposed him, left a great number of the enemy dead on the field, and lost of his own party only five men.

Some time after this, Lord Essex, with a body of troops, was passing through the forests of Auburn Chace, eager to reach Newbury before the king. No enemy was suspected to be at hand and the earl rode carelessly through the flowery glades. The turf was soft and spongy, and the fall of a horse's hoof awoke no sound. Very suddenly a troop of riders, noiseless as a flight of phantoms, appeared among the distant beechen boles and came sweeping over the turf upon his ranks. The ghosts were Rupert and his Cavaliers.

A sharp encounter followed. Essex was beaten back to Hungerford, and the king reached Newbury before him.

At sunrise the next morning, the two armies marched out to the encounter. The strife was bitterly contested. All that day the fight went on. Night fell; the losses on both sides were deadly; yet the victory was undecided. The king, with the fragments of his army, retired into the town. The enemy, equally broken, prepared to snatch a few hours of rest, for the trumpets were to sound for retreat at break of day. But twelve hours of desperate fighting had not sated Rupert. In the silence of the night he stole about the sleeping town, and mustered, by the gleam of the watch-fires and the torches, a small band of men and horses. Moving out with these in the grey of morning, he caught the enemy in a defile, as they toiled away beneath their baggage, cut down a great number of them, and would have killed or taken many more, but that his men were dropping out of their saddles with weariness, and their horses falling down at every step.

It is in such adventures, of which these are but specimens of events that happened daily, that Rupert is best seen. In the great battles of the war, though his per-

sonal achievements were not less, his glory was eclipsed by the disaster of his allies. It is not by these that we can judge him rightly. And yet we cannot bring ourselves to turn away without one glance at the two great fields which were to follow — the fields of Marston Moor and Naseby.

Marston Moor! No battle-scene in history is more impressive than that which is conjured up before the mind at the name of that famous field. As we pronounce the words we see again, as we have seen them in a hundred pictures, as we have read their story in a hundred pages, the sombre circumstances of that great fight. We see the sun setting in angry splendor, dyeing all the clouds with blood; we see the fields of yellow rye in which the Roundheads were drawn up, and the gorse-bushes and the broken ground which was the station of the king; we see the air dark with brooding storm; we hear the fierce hymn rolled from the ranks of the Roundheads, mingled with the boom of thunder; we see Rupert, in his scarlet cloak, facing the grim battalions of the Scots; we see Cromwell, yet an unrisen meteor, praying at the head of his fierce host; then we see the wild charge of Rupert, and the ranks of the Tartans whirled away before him like the leaves of winter; and then, in the gloom of storm and darkness, the heart of the king's battle breaking before Cromwell.

It was Rupert's constant fate — and it was so at Marston Moor — to find that while the enemy had been flying like deer before him, his companions had been flying before the enemy; and so it was to be again at Naseby.

It has been often stated that in that last great contest of the war, Rupert faced the forces of Cromwell, and was beaten back. This is an error. Rupert and Cromwell — the unconquered champions of their parties — never met. It is true that at Naseby Rupert eagerly sought Cromwell; but Cromwell had taken the right wing, while Rupert believed that he was stationed on the left. Rupert on that day, as ever, scattered his opponents to the winds. Then believing, as at Edgehill and at Marston Moor, that the victory was won, he rode carelessly back to the field, and reined his horse on the crest of the overlooking hill. He instantly discovered his mistake. There in the vale below him he saw Cromwell, at the head of his men, with his helmet knocked off, and the blood streaming down his face from a wound above the eye, driving the Cavaliers in wild disorder among the low

bushes of a rabbit-warren. He saw the king strive to rally his men for a last charge. He saw an attendant lay his hand on the king's bridle, and turn away his horse's head.

Of what followed we are able, from descriptions which have come down to us, to form a singularly exact idea.

Rupert spurred his horse into the press, and fought his way to the king's side. They rode together from the field. On the crest of the rising ground which overlooked the plain they drew rein for a moment, and cast a last glance at the scene below them. The Roundhead soldiers, drunk with victory, covered the whole field with a raging flood of men and horses. Such of their own party as were not riding off the ground were either lying among the heaps of slain or huddled together in groups of guarded captives. Mingled with the sombre banners of the Puritans, in which five Bibles were displayed against a ground of black, there could now be seen shining above the hosts of the victorious enemy the crimson folds of the royal standard, and the snow-white silken ensign of the queen. From that sight the two spectators turned away their eyes, and rode silently together into the falling night.

The war was over. Rupert had ridden his last charge in England. Many and wild were the adventures which awaited him by land and water. But into these we must not enter here.

The scenes at which we have been glancing, briefly and rapidly as they have passed before us, may have perhaps attained the purpose of denoting in what light the figure of Rupert ought to be regarded. He is usually dismissed by historians with the remark that his character lacked the essential qualities that make a general great — foresight, patience, tactics, discipline. But it is not as a great general that we think of Rupert. The interest which surrounds his figure is of a different kind. He is one of the free seekers of adventure. His forerunners are the ancient heroes of romance : Achilles whirling in his chariot; Eviradnus darting into the cave of Hugo the eagle-headed; Roland, with his sword Durandal, defying the ten kings. Such are the fit comparisons of Rupert in the field — such are the companion pictures which arise before the eye of fancy, as it views his black flag flying from the walls of conquered cities, or his white plume shining in the front of battle.

H. GREENHOUGH SMITH.

From Belgravia.
A DARTMOOR PICNIC.

THE party consisted of five maiden ladies, ranging from ten to twenty-three years of age. It also included one schoolboy, one staid young man, and one banjo; which instrument, together with a "Tam o'Shanter" as large as three cheese-plates and a pair of well-developed calves, belonged to the last of the company, a medical student. From Dawlish—that little Devon watering-place whose treacherous sandstone cliffs a year ago reminded the tourist of forgotten dangers—did the party set forth in good spirits and a two-horse break; Chudleigh on Dartmoor, or "Choodleigh," as natives call it, was the goal, and ten good miles of varied moorland separated the travellers from their destination, without considering the first long and steep hill out of Dawlish.

An excellent start was effected, as sporting papers say. The staid young man, Bracy by name, sat with a Miss Johnson on each side of him, and, by producing a basket of peaches which it was rumored had been forgotten, acquired their regard from the first. They were pleasing to look at, these Johnson girls; both carried crimson parasols, and neither would walk up the hills. Miss Jane Grey, a strong-minded young woman, and one who knew every foot of Dartmoor, so it was believed, personally conducted the tour. Next came Jack, as the staid man christened his chance medical acquaintance. The young gentleman's real name was something quite different, but Bracy made such a favor of it, and said it gave him such satisfaction to call fellows "Jack" at picnics, that everybody felt it would be a sin to ruin his enjoyment for such a trifle. The banjo and other properties came next, then Miss Maude Robina and little May Robina, the infant of the company. Toby Dale, the schoolboy already mentioned, sat on the box—a perch loved by decent boys, and sacred to them from the earliest known "four-wheeler."

Every moment, as the first hill was mounted, improved a magnificent view of the sea. The Channel stretches below with one grand sweep, unbroken, in fine weather, until the eye rests upon Portland Bill, standing right across the bay, where not one sightseer in a hundred would suppose land existed at all.

On gaining Little Haldon, where the white flint roads with their banks of grouse heather declare the moor is fairly

reached, Bracy killed a wasp. It was indifferently well done, and, as time showed, it would have been better not to notice the feat. But some one applauded, and the staid man, encouraged to talk about insect-slaying, said he knew a way with a fork which was infallible. "If you keep your nerve, you can't miss 'em," he explained.

Great Haldon followed the lesser tract of the same name. Miss Grey walked better than any one, and reached the highest point of this expanse long before the rest. A grand valley lay below. Thick woods, from which arose the endless murmur of a hidden waterfall, clothed the hillsides; vast tracts of brake fern and emerald meadow extended between the towering slopes, which in their turn were surmounted by brown, wind-worn undulations of small, close-growing heather and dry peat, or broken into wild precipices, up whose steep sides struggled dwarf oak, mountain ash, holly, and ivy, all contending for the mastery, all aspiring to the highest, bleakest summits, and all conquered in turn by the eternal granite. Granite there is everywhere, from the pebble you pick up and examine, with its quartz crystals and shining hornblende grains, to the rough wall piled so that the wind may blow through and through it, from the boulder as big as a cottage to the gray tors which crown the wild land. Gold-dust from autumn's trailing skirts already hung on fern and leaf; the apples glowed red in the orchard land, and the harvest was gathered in; but Miss Grey, who had now been joined by the other travellers, considered September the month of months for Dartmoor, and no one was prepared to contradict her. So, through a panorama of stream and village, hill and dale, forest and farm, the road was followed till Chudleigh came in sight, and Chudleigh Rocks within measurable distance. It is best on such excursions to carry your beverages no farther than absolutely necessary; liquids had not formed a part of Miss Grey's commissariat, but they were now acquired at the Sun Inn, Jack taking upon himself all responsibility in the matter. Meantime, the younger Johnson girl spied a sweetstuff shop and vanished into it with little Robina. Anon they reappeared, bearing two bags of sickly brown fragments which they said were "lemon cushions," and which the Johnson girl ate defiantly. Everybody took one, and it immediately began to rain—not a moor mist which drenches you in half an hour and lasts maybe a

week, but sharp, brisk rain, quite uncalled for and quite unexpected.

Bracy said he believed the local sweet-meats might possibly act like a charm when eaten by strangers, and gloomily pitched one bag into the road. It may not be credited, but a distinct improvement in the weather followed, and when Chudleigh Rocks were reached the day was fine and bright again. Where once the wooded valley and the hillside above it extended untouched, certain stone of value has been discovered, and now three hundred feet of beetling crag stands — a huge, gaping wound in the mountain. Below, like pygmy men, the quarry-workers move and wheel their little barrows and lade their little carts. It is hard to suppose fellow-creatures capable of producing anything so magnificently picturesque. Woods still grow to the edge and underwood still trails over every side of this great cleft, below which runs a small river through rich orchards. These extend up the valley, and hold in their hearts more than one small white cottage smothered in clematis, vine, and homely flowers. Near the largest of these, under an ancestral apple-tree, if much contortion of bough and plentiful lack of fruit warrant the adjective, hampers were unpacked. Many feathered and four-footed animals offered to assist in this operation. A white terrier, a black pig, and a mere insignificant fowl banded themselves together, and their sorties were not unattended with success. Finally the trio became a nuisance, and steps had to be taken. Bracy said he would endeavor to lose the dog, and started to do so, luring the animal to its doom with some ham. The pig fell an easy prey to the ladies, who hurled apples and hit him occasionally, while the fowl, deserted and alone, ran across the table-cloth, put its foot into a plum-pie, and then hastened away.

Lunch began, but Bracy came not. The party enjoyed itself, but Bracy did not return. At length, with a yelp of triumph, the white dog appeared from an exactly opposite direction to that in which it had started. But the staid young man was not with it. At last, when the pies began to have large holes in them, when the *medico* had hinted darkly at man-traps and hidden wells, of course in connection with his vanished friend, at last, I say, Bracy stood among them. He was looking wild and hungry; burr-buttons stuck in his hair; he had scratched his hands with blackberry briars and had torn the sole off one boot in some sublime moun-

tain fastness. The staid man — he really had aged since his departure — told his horrible tale.

"I took the dog through forests and over rocks and up trees," he began drearily; "I led him into rivers and ants' nests — then I lost him, and was just getting glad about it when I found I was lost myself." However, he ate and drank and cheered up enough to say, "I should be half afraid that dog has gone forever."

They broke it gently to him that the beast of a dog had been back some time.

"Came the shortest way, no doubt," said Jack, which suggestion may in a measure account for the venomous remarks Bracy let drop later on about banjo-playing in general and amateur playing in particular. With the tarts and fruit arrived wasps in large numbers. Bracy, who would insist on showing how the thing ought to be done with a fork, killed a few, in other people's plates, and then drank a couple in some lemonade. It was unfortunate at such a crisis that his relations with Jack were strained. Then followed banjo-playing. The Misses Johnson knew a man that had a friend who learnt from a man that lived by the banjo or some other instrument, and this constituted them critics. To Toby Dale, who had thought but little of Jack till now, that musician's powers came as a wonderful revelation, and his opinions of the *medico* changed from mild hatred to humble respect.

Then Maude Robina sang (to banjo accompaniment); then the sisters Johnson jodelled (to banjo accompaniment); then the boy Toby recited some of his holiday task — "Leah's Curse" (to banjo accompaniment); and, finally, the staid man, who was smoking a cigar, offered to oblige with a little thing of his own. This he did, and all felt it was time to make a move. Bracy's bass notes were like cutting box-wood with a circular saw.

From the orchards a winding path runs into the forest gorge literally carpeted with hart's tongue fern, or *Scolopendrium vulgare*, to be botanical; look where you will, from the stream to the bases of the highest neighboring trees and rocks, the same delicate foliage is everywhere.

A queer little rosy woman soon accosted the party. She wore short petticoats and a big straw hat, while in her hands were great bundles of wax tapers.

"Be 'ee a comin' to the caverns?" she asked.

"Are there caverns here — gloomy ones?" inquired Bracy, brightening perceptibly.

"Sure, yes, every one sees the caves, sir," answered the old woman, and turned to lead the way without more words. She brought them where the rocks had once more forced their way to earth's surface. Above the travellers towered a rugged mass of stone partly buried in ivy, with an occasional oak or ash shooting from rifts in its weather-worn face. A cave mouth, amply black enough to please even the staid man, lay in the foot of this cliff, and, tapers being provided for each explorer, the party, led by its sibyl, entered the darkness. Care and a stooping position were necessary for some distance, after which a lofty vaulted stalactite grotto was reached, and normal attitudes became possible again. The centre of attraction here appeared in a rounded, spongy mass of soft stalactite about four feet from the ground on one side of the rock. This is known far and wide as the "wishing pin-cushion," and there in damp and rusty repose cluster innumerable pins, great and small.

"You sticks the pin in, ladies," said the priestess, "and you hopes for what you most wants."

"Is it infallible?" asked Jack.

"No, sir, it's a wishing pin-cushion," was the answer, and everybody laughed.

It was noticed that Miss Robina's laugh echoed beautifully, and that Bracy's had a hollow, not to say ghastly, ring in it, which hung about the place and seemed suddenly to crawl out of distant corners long after other sounds had ceased. Miss Johnson boldly nicknamed him "ghoul" on the spot.

Not having a pin herself, matter-of-fact Miss Grey calmly removed one sacred to some long-departed tourist. It was black and bent.

"Lord 'a muss, miss!" exclaimed the sibyl with horror, "that ain't no manner of good; that's a awful thing to do, that is."

Bracy went further, and said with authority that taking another person's pin might amount to a curse. He placed his hand on the stony cushion and was enlarging over a topic which appeared familiar to him, when Jack, mistaking his friend's hand, so he said, for part of the charmed stalactite, put a good deal of pin into it. Then the staid man's lecture ended and he interested himself elsewhere.

"This be the giants' larder, gents," said their guide, lighting more tapers; "there's partridges a-hanging, and there's pheasants, and a 'are!'"

Twisted fragments of stalactite pendent

from the roof, which might possibly suggest these things, were certainly visible, and the party admitted it; but when the old lady, encouraged by her success, went on to point out the "hupper portion of a elephant's ead," and a "uman skeleton, sideways like," all enthusiasm vanished. No one saw any resemblance to any part of an elephant in the rocky dome above them, and the medical man, when questioned searchingly, declared that no part of the human frame he had ever chanced upon resembled the formation before them.

A second cavern was now entered, and the head of a lion, looking fiercely down through a long, narrow shaft, in which dim glimmers of daylight were visible, could be clearly seen by all. Candles were extinguished, and the eerie arrow of grey light coming from the face of the world two hundred feet above, having a dozen bats flitting and squeaking up and down it, was gazed upon in silence.

"It's a sort of Jacob's ladder, only the bats are more like little —" This came from Master Dale, and was fortunately cut short just at the right moment by a sudden drop of six inches in the ground which he was unprepared for.

"Did you bite your tongue then?" asked Jack, with some show of professional interest.

"Yes," was the rather sulky answer.

"Keep your mouth shut, then—best thing for it."

This prescription gave general satisfaction. And now, the wonders of the caverns being all explored, Miss Grey and her friends returned once more to the sunshine through an outlet distant some twenty-five yards from the cave at which they had entered.

"What's the damage?" asked the staid man. Every one noticed how great a change for the better his visit to the gloom had brought him.

"What you be kind enough to give, gentlemen," was the sibyl's reply. The ultimate reward more than satisfied her, and, with a curtsey, she scampered off to tackle an old gentleman who had just reached the first entrance to her hidden mysteries.

Miss Grey's personally conducted tour now found its way to the lowest recesses of the Happy Valley, as Maude Robina called Chudleigh Glen, and settled there comfortably among moss-covered boulders whose summits offered easy couches and whose bases were lapped by the brown trout-stream. The little river went mur-

muring on, here hurrying with a laugh over rocky shallows, here stopping to think in dark pools where the trees droop their branches into its waves, then starting off again to new rapids, glades, depths, and making the watcher feel that every turn, every gleam of foam, every sunlit vista, is the most beautiful until he sees the next.

Miss Robina sang again, and the stream accompanied her with a running movement which even surpassed Jack's banjo.

That youth dropping his eye upon a water-rat at this moment, started in stern pursuit, Toby after him, and the staid man, improving the occasion, became didactic, and talked dully about Art with a capital A, and Beauty with a big B.

Jack and Toby returned in an excited state some few minutes later. They had found a grand pool, and were anxious that Bracy should join them in a bathe. The ladies now started to see about tea, for many hours had slipped away quickly, and the staid man prepared for deep water.

Jack started a diving competition and won it himself; then he arranged a swimming handicap, and secured first prize in that also. Finally, he organized what he called a "duck hunt," and said Bracy should be duck. Then the ghoul got out and dressed, being followed soon after by the others.

All returned to the white cottage, where tea was ready for them indoors.

A withered ancient sat smoking with his hat on in the chimney corner. His nose and chin left little more room between them than that occupied with the stem of a long pipe, the bowl of which he nursed between his lean, dirty old hands. He spoke not, but fixed two dim blue eyes on the staid man, who had just entered, and appeared concerned about his hair. Bracy went to a glass which hung above the mantelpiece and endeavored to part his damp thatch with his fingers. This act roused the patriarch in an extraordinary manner.

"Lord! Lord!" he suddenly exclaimed, in the "childish treble" one seldom really hears off the stage. "Lord! what pride!"

Everybody turned to stare at the old gentleman.

"Look 'ere," he continued, taking off his hat and disclosing some scanty locks of whitish yellow. "See that now — there bain't been a coom around my poll this forty year!"

Seeing no reason to doubt his assertion, Bracy bade the aged one be covered; but he only nodded in a senile way to each in

turn, and then, pointing a lean digit at the staid man, gave a cracked kind of chuckle, which began in his hair and appeared to end in his boots.

"What is it—is it dangerous?" asked Jack when the lady of the house came in with tea-things.

"Bless you, sir, don't mind Gaffer," was the answer. "He be nigh daftlike—very old, you know."

"If he's as old as he's dirty," began the ghoul—but he changed his mind, and, going up to the creature, who with half-shut eyes was still mumbling to himself, asked him if he would like some tea and cake.

Now was night drawing on apace, and soon the break and its horses became again the centre of interest. Shawls and wraps appeared from their hiding-places, together with other things of evening. An owl hastened noiselessly past from the rocks above, while such small deer as moths and bats were out and about on every side as the party started homewards.

The moor, when day is over, when purple, brown, and gold have given place to dim stretches of black and dun, has a depressing, mournful effect on strangers to it. This evening the outlook was sadder than usual. Rain had threatened more than once during the afternoon, and now the evening winds were strengthening and bringing their battalions of grey together in force. Weird batrachian croakings arose from the rush-hidden bogs as the retreating travellers galloped by them. The misty tors disappeared one after another, then hill and dale vanished; finally the straight white road lengthening out behind the break was hidden, and the night with its gloomy vanguard of flying rain-cloud enveloped all. A spirit of poetry was abroad too, in the dark coves, and hovered in the sigh of the wind and in the branches of bending beech and hazel as here and there they softly brushed against the party in narrow wooded lanes and covert-sides.

So through the gloom with thoughts subdued the party rapidly approaches home again.

But at Chudleigh Rocks the rain falls heavily; the wind rushes in mad destructive glee through the Happy Valley; the stream hastens onwards with all the song gone from his voice; the tall trees groan and toss their arms up into the wet darkness; the golden apples fall face downwards to rot in the soaking grass below. In the cottage all lights are out, and with

angry shriek the winds vainly try to force an entrance. Outside in the stable a horse beats the ground with his forefoot. Then there is silence.

Darker and darker
The black shadows fall;
Sleep and oblivion
Reign over all.
EDEN PHILPOTTS.

From The Spectator.
MR. TUPPER'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.*

AT the age of seventy-six, Mr. Tupper has published the story of his life. He begins it with a sonnet, in which he refuses to do what he has done on the plea that his life is in his books. It does not seem quite clear why he has altered his mind, but he now regards the task as "a present call to duty." The volume is characteristic of the author of "Proverbial Philosophy," and contains a record of his triumphs. All the world knows that thirty years ago Mr. Tupper was one of the most popular writers of the century. That his book made an extraordinary impression cannot be denied, however sceptical the critic may be with regard to its value; but we suspect, although Mr. Tupper does not admit it, that his "Philosophy" has ceased to charm the present generation of readers. Its author, who came of a good stock, was born in 1810, and educated at the Charterhouse, where he was so cruelly treated, and so forced beyond his powers by the head master, Dr. Russell, that he fell into the habit of stammering, and suffered from this infirmity until past middle life. At sixteen he left the school, without much distinction, but with a considerable stock of verses, neither better nor worse, to judge from the specimens given, than any clever schoolboy might write who had a turn for rhyme. He never gained a prize at the Charterhouse, but soon after entering Christchurch, Oxford, received one for a theological essay, Mr. Gladstone standing second. "When Dr. Burton had me before him to give me the £25 worth of books, he requested me to allow Mr. Gladstone to have £5 worth of them, as he was so good a second. Certainly such an easy concession was one of my earliest literary triumphs." Mr. Tupper does not appear to have distinguished himself at

Oxford, though he was a steady reading man, but he took his degrees of B.A. and M.A. in due course, and, long after, that of D.C.L.: —

A memorable *curio* of authorship on that occasion is this: Whatever may be the rule now, in those days the degree of D.C.L. involved a three hours' imprisonment in the pulpit of the Bodleian Chapel, for the candidate to answer therefrom in Latin any theological objectors who might show themselves for that purpose. As, however, the chapel was always locked by Dr. Bliss, the registrar, there was never a possibility to make objection. So my three hours of enforced idleness obliged me to use pencil and paper, which I happened to have in my pocket, and I then and there produced my poem on "The Dead," a long one of eighteen stanzas, much liked by Gladstone, amongst others.

Mr. Tupper's infirmity of speech prevented him from taking orders, as he was desirous of doing, and also, though he was called to the bar, from practising as a barrister. So he took to the trade of authorship instead, and from that day to the present seems to have hoarded up every criticism of his works that has appeared in print. A large number of these criticisms are inserted in the autobiography, —all of them laudatory, however, the author observing that the opposing judgments "may as well perish out of memory by being ignored and neglected." Some of the "Proverbial Philosophy" was written when Mr. Tupper was in his teens, and he was a young man when the work in its original form appeared in print. For many years it yielded a good income; and he observes that, had there been international copyright in the days of his popularity, he would have received from America something like £100,000, whereas as he has never received £100. At the same time, he allows that he has had an ample amount of praise, however profitless, "and of boundless hospitality, however fairly reimbursed at the time by the valuable presence of a foreign celebrity."

Mr. Tupper found himself at home in the States, where he read his poems to thousands of admirers, and where one of these admirers — a man of vast wealth — showed his appreciation by requesting him to draw upon his bankers as freely as he pleased. As a gentleman of this kind does not often appear except in the world of fiction, it may be worth while to quote the passage recording his generosity: —

I had just landed in New York after a stormy fortnight in the Asia (it was A.D. 1851), and taken up my quarters at the Astor

* *My Life as an Author.* By Martin Farquhar Tupper. London: Sampson Low and Co. 1886.

House, to rest before friends found me out. But my arrival had been published, and before, in private, I had taken my first refreshment, the host, a colonel of course, came and asked if I would allow a few of my admirers to greet me. Doubtless, natural vanity was willing, and through my room, having doors right and left, forthwith came a stream of well-wishers, all shaking hands and saying kind words for an hour and more. At last they departed, all but one, who had come first, and boldly taken a chair beside me: when the crowd were gone, he bluntly (or let it be frankly) said, "I'm one of the richest men in New York, sir, and I know authors must be poor; I like your books, and have told my bankers (naming them) to honor any cheques on me you may like to draw." "My dear sir," I replied, "you are most considerate, and all I can say is, if I have the misfortune to lose this packet (it was a roll of Herrick's circular notes), I shall gladly accept your offer; but just now I have more than I want—£300." "Well then, sir, come and stay at my house, Fifth Avenue." "This is very kind, but several friends here have specially invited me, so I am compelled to decline." "Then, sir, my yacht in the harbor is at your service." "Pardon me, but I would rather forget all memories of the sea at present,—with due thanks." "Then, sir, my carriage has been waiting at the hotel all this time; let me have the honor of taking you to see Mrs. So-and-So, who is anxious to meet you." Of course I could not refuse this, nor the occasional loan of his handsome turn-out whenever other friends let me go. Who knows how nearly I then missed smiles from the blind goddess by my sturdy refusal of her favors, for I heard afterwards that the wealthy Mr. —— was childless!

When in New York during that visit, Mr. Tupper and Washington Irving were the principal guests at a grand dinner given by Prince Astor at his "palatial residence." The author writes that he has never seen such splendid and luxurious extravagance before or since, and adds, "The intellectual treat was, to my *amour-propre* at least, of a still more exquisite character when our host protested to his company, in a generous and genial speech, that if he could make the exchange, he would give all his wealth for half the literary glory of Washington Irving and Martin Tupper." Mr. Tupper was evidently in his element in America. At a great public banquet he "took the room by storm," and "made quite a sensation." All the distinguished men of letters opened their houses and hearts to him, there is only one literary American—but he ranks with the greatest—of whom he does not think well. Considering the provocation, the following com-

ment on Nathaniel Hawthorne, who visited Mr. Tupper's hospitable home at Albury, cannot be called unkind. After saying with perfect justice that the records of private converse ought not to appear in print, the writer adds: —

I am tempted here to say just one unpleasant word about the only one of my many American guests, hospitably, nay, almost affectionately treated, who wrote home to his wife too disparagingly of his entertainer, his son having afterwards had the bad taste to publish those letters in his father's Life. One comfort; however, is that in "The Memoirs of Nathaniel Hawthorne," that not very amiable genius praises no one of his English hosts (except, indeed, a perhaps too open-handed London one), and that he was not known (any more than Fenimore Cooper, whom years ago I found a rude customer in New York) for a superabundance of good-nature. When at Albury, Hawthorne seemed to us superlatively envious: of our old house for having more than seven gables; of its owner for a seemingly affluent independence, as well as authorial fame; even of his friends when driven by him to visit beautiful and hospitable Wotton; and in every word and gesture openly entering his republican and ascetic protest against the aristocratic old country,—even to protesting, when we drove by a new weather-boarded cottage, "Ha! that's the sort of house I prefer to see; it's like one of ours at home." That we did not take to each other is no wonder. This, then, is my answer to the unkindly remarks against me in print of one who has shown manifestly a flash of genius in "The Scarlet Letter"; but, so far as I know, it was well-nigh a solitary one.

As Mr. Tupper, in his autobiography, passes from subject to subject without much regard to connection, we are tempted to treat his volume in the same desultory style. As an author, he has played many parts. His proverbs have reminded some friendly critics of Solomon; his sonnets—at least, in the number he has written—may remind them of Wordsworth. Like Lord Tennyson, Mr. Tupper has also produced dramas, and one of them having been acted at Manchester, the curtain fell, we are told, amidst thunders of applause. This play was "Alfred," a second was "Raleigh," and a third "Washington," of which the author observes: —

I wrote "Washington" principally to please my many friends in America, whether I was going for a second time; but it rather damped me to find, when at Philadelphia during its Grand Exhibition, and was giving "Readings out of my own Works" through the Star Company, that my *entrepreneur* stoutly objected to my proposal to read this new play of

mine, with the remark, "No, sir; our people are tired of George Washington—he's quite played out; give us anything else of yours you like."

Mr. Tupper had plenty to give, for his prolific pen has been ceaselessly employed from early manhood, and almost every event of great public interest appears to have been celebrated by him in rhyme. His "notorious ballads of the polemic sort" have been circulated widely. He has written nine ballads upon Gordon, has turned King Alfred's poems into English metre, has composed a "Hymn for All Nations" translated into thirty languages, and claims by his verses headed with the title, "Defence, not Defiance," to have given this motto to the Volunteers. A large number of his poems are inserted in the autobiography, and among them is one written after a visit to the Southern States, in which the author declares that the institution of slavery has been maligned. His "honest bit of verse" addressed "To the South" is an odd medley, for while admitting in one stanza that slavery was an evil which the Southerners rejoice to see banished, other stanzas imply that, on the whole, masters were good and kind and slaves happy, and he observed that Mrs. Stowe has learned wisdom also, and now does justice to both sides. Here are a few lines from a curious recantation of the writer's early belief on the subject:—

The world has misjudged you, mistrusted,
malign'd you,
And should be quick to make honest
amends;
Let me, then, speak of you just as I find you,
Humbly and heartily, cousins and friends!
Let me remember your wrongs and your trials,
Slander'd and plunder'd and crush'd to the
dust,
Draining adversity's bitterest vials,
Patient in courage and strong in good trust.

Servants if slaves, were your wealth and in-
heritance,
Born with your children, and grown on your
ground,
And it was quite as much interest as merit
hence
Still to make friends of dependents all
round.

Yes, it is slander to say you oppressed them.

Generous Southerners! I who address you,
Shared with too many, belief in your sins;
But I recant it, —thus, let me confess you,
Knowledge is victor and every way wins:
For I have seen, I have heard, and am sure
of it,

You have been slandered and suffering long,
Paying all Slavery's cost, and the cure of it,—
And the great world shall repent of its
wrong.

Mr. Tupper continues his argument in prose by saying that he called on an old friend in the South whose house had been burnt, whose farm had been destroyed, whose estate, once well tilled, had become a marsh and jungle, while the slaves who adored him had died from disease or starvation. It is scarcely necessary to say that the writer misses altogether the main objection justly urged against slavery. No one doubts that emancipation produced much temporary suffering, possibly much injustice; no one doubts that there were good masters in the South, who, like Mr. Tupper's friend and his ancestors, had not sold a slave for centuries; but the domestic institution gave to the best masters the power to sell their slaves, and the worst masters not only sold them, but could treat them as the mere chattels which in the eye of the law they were, and it is this absolute ownership of fellow-men that makes even the best form of slavery an intolerable evil.

We cannot follow Mr. Tupper through the record of his various accomplishments. He has expounded the mystic number in the Revelations of St. John; he has written tales much esteemed in America; he has made several curious discoveries, and, like most inventors, has gained nothing by them; he has translated the first book of the Iliad in hexameters, and there is scarcely a classic he has not "tampered with;" he has written a volume of travels, ranked among the best by one of his friends; he has made antiquarian discoveries; has printed many pamphlets, and has, indeed, led a life of great intellectual activity. Meanwhile, Mr. Tupper has not been eager to grasp empty honors, but regards authorship as a rank by itself, deeming that an author who is worthy of his vocation "already walks self-ennobled, circled by an aureola of spiritual glory such as no king can give, nor even all-devouring time, *edax rerum*, can take away."

On the whole, we lay down this curious autobiography with a friendly feeling for the writer. That all he has done, whether wisely or unwisely, has been done with a good purpose, it is impossible to question; and if he speaks well of himself, and allows others to speak well of him, he seems also to have a good word to say for everybody, —with the exception of the pope and Nathaniel Hawthorne.

THE RELIGION OF SOUTHERN ITALY.

From The Saturday Review.

THE RELIGION OF SOUTHERN ITALY.

IT is difficult to form a clear conception of the religious life of the Neapolitans, and still more difficult to write about it. It is easy either to idealize or to ridicule it; to ascribe to the worshippers before the bedizened shrines feelings that they do not possess, and to credit them with virtues they but rarely display, though they may certainly be shown to be the logical consequences of their creed, or, on the other hand, to close one's eyes to all the real emotion that the festival evokes, and to fix them only on the grotesque form in which it is expressed. Both conceptions are equally false. Like most of us, the lazzaroni of Naples rarely live up to the blue china which is brought forth on great occasions. The woman who kneels sobbing before the altar to-day, or who dedicates her choicest possession to Sant' Antonio may very likely be found haggling for greens to-morrow in a way that is hardly honest, and using the names of the saints in a manner that denotes anything rather than devotion. But is it not so with us all? Let us then be mild in the judgment we pronounce on the devout Neapolitans; in such a case mercy is only justice in disguise.

It cannot be denied, however, that many of the forms in which the religious aspirations of the poorer Neapolitans are expressed do appear strange and even absurd to the foreigner. The greater his own respect for the Roman Catholic Church is, the stronger his aversion to them is likely to be. To the freethinker they may appear only an amusing comic show; to the believer they savor not only of superstition, but of blasphemy. Thoughts which he is accustomed to keep hidden in his inmost heart, memories which, when he can recall them, bring quiet to his soul, are here paraded in rough and even vulgar symbols with noise and clamor through public places. The ways of the south Italians certainly are not our ways, and it requires a long acquaintance with them to enable us to perceive how much simple piety exists among them, and how fondly it clings to the local usages which shock us as irreverent and grotesque.

The Roman Catholic Church is all things to all men. For the highly refined it has the writings of Cardinal Newman, the pictures of Raphael, and the music of Mozart and Beethoven; for those of a coarser intellectual fibre it has the ranting monk, the highly colored wooden doll,

with its cheap and gaudy finery, and the tunes that seem to have been the booty of a pious raid upon the music-halls, though the present pope has done much to discourage the use of frivolous music in the churches. It appeals to the taste of all classes, because it is not its object to educate the taste, and the works that move us most deeply often make no impression upon those whose intellect and whose senses are equally untrained. Goethe said that miraculous powers had never been attributed to a great work of art, and those who have seen the paintings and images to which an extraordinary potency is ascribed will rarely credit them with any great aesthetic merit. The colors in the south-Italian churches chiefly frequented by the poor are too glaring to please a northern eye. It is only natural that their brightness should make a different impression upon those whose lives are passed in dusky slums and squalid hovels. It is the same with the processions made in honor of a local saint. The most serious stranger can hardly refrain from a smile at many of their incidents, and yet if he looks round, he sees that the cheeks of the old women who kneel beside him are wet with tears.

It seems almost impossible to describe such things truly without appearing irreverent, and yet they cannot be passed over in silence by any one who desires either to form or to give an accurate picture of any phase of the lower society of Naples. The Church is the centre of the whole life of the lazzaroni. Not only are its precepts the only law which they consider morally binding, but its festivals are their holidays and times of union. It is on such occasions that courtships are begun or brought to a happy conclusion, that old friends are brought together and old misunderstandings cleared up; that neighbors who have been separated meet once more, and scattered families again unite. Besides this, the whole arrangements for the festival are usually to so large an extent in the hands of laymen, that its humors must be regarded as an expression rather of the character of the people than the teaching of their priests. Moreover, misrepresentations of such scenes by foreigners who have been prevented, either by their ignorance or their prejudices, from understanding their true meaning have been so common that it can hardly be considered either unnecessary or indiscreet to dwell upon them.

In some of the churches to which those in ill health repair it is customary for the

suplicants to suspend an image of the foot, the hand, or whatever part of the body is diseased, to the side of the shrine. This practice is not confined to Italy. Every reader of Heine must remember the use he makes of it in his "Pilgrimage to Kevlar." Such a grotesque assortment of wax or metal deformities looks strange enough to those who see it for the first time to excite a more or less intelligent curiosity; but when such a visitor rushes to the conclusion that certain forms of heathen worship still survive in southern Italy, he shows more imagination than judgment and a greater knowledge of pagan than of modern Roman Catholic customs.

It is hardly possible to convince some persons that the Italians are not in the habit of inflicting corporal punishment on their saints whenever matters do not go as smoothly with them as might be desired. Even Hegel seems to sanction this tradition, though, if we remember rightly, he attributed a Spanish origin to the young lady who burnt a candle before her private Madonna for every new lover who paid his court to her, and, as with her decreasing charms they fell away one by one, put out the accustomed light, until, when the last had vanished and was spent, she felt that no resource was left to her except to give her saint a good whipping. It is impossible to say what a young lady will not do, especially such a young lady, and it would be necessary to examine every south Italian upon oath in order to be able to say with absolute certainty that nothing of the kind had ever occurred. But the condition of mind that it would imply is so incongruous with all we know about them that it would require the most conclusive proof to convince us that such an event ever happened. On the other hand, it is easy enough to explain the way in which the story arose. Local jealousy is stronger in Italy than almost anywhere else, and the likes and dislikes which village entertains for village and township for township may often be shown to have lasted for centuries. Thus the antipathy between Ravello and Amalfi probably dates from the time when they were independent republics, whose alliance was sought by Genoa and Pisa. Now that all their power and glory have passed away so long that hardly a memory of it would remain but for the churches, the ruins, and the learned tourist, the old hostility remains as fresh as ever, and so does the affection between Ravello and Maiori, a small town on the seashore. The inhab-

itants of the two last-named places attend each other's festivals, and intermarriages between them are by no means uncommon. The girl from Ravello who accepted a husband in Amalfi would not be likely to have a good time of it, at least at first. But such things happen rarely, if ever.

These hostile villages, as they can no longer meet in the open field with sword and spear, as they would often like to do, are all the more ready to pelt each other with unsavory words and stories. One township is denounced as stupid, another as superstitious, and a third as being more clever than wise. Hence it is not unlikely that a stranger coasting along the shore may be told that in such or such a place the villagers gave their patron saint a whipping, instead of the obligatory fireworks, on his anniversary, but he will not be well advised if he repeats the tale in the hamlet itself, as it is there more likely to be considered an insult than a jest. Many Italians are ready to assert that their neighbors beat their favorite saints, but hitherto we have been unable to find a single one who was present at such an operation, and it is always spoken of as a sign of over-sharpness or stupidity.

Another story that has gained some currency in England has a somewhat better foundation. It is said that in hours of danger the fishermen throw an image of the Madonna, which is attached to the boat by a string, overboard, in order that she may save them in her effort to save herself. Now, it seems to be true that in some villages of Calabria and Sicily the fishermen do take an image of their patron saint—who is very rarely the Madonna—with them, and if a sudden storm arises, they bind it to the prow of the boat, not in order to frighten the saint, but that he may lead them safely to the port. Such an act must be regarded as a sign of confidence rather than irreverence.

It is true that the Italians indulge in exceedingly bad language when excited, and that on such occasions they do not spare their saints; but this habit is more common in central than in southern Italy, the men of Lucca being said to excel all others in blasphemy. The habit is, of course, reprehensible; but the single expressions must not be taken too seriously. They are the traditional ornaments of discourse, conventional flourishes of rhetoric, which merely denote that the speaker intends to rise to a higher and more impassioned style. The good people of Lucca do not desire to inflict any injury on their saints, any more than the Englishman

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who makes use of the word by which we used chiefly to be known abroad seriously intends to consign his own person to a hopeless doom. When the Neapolitans indulge in original and spontaneous cursing, they are sometimes very racy as well as improper. The following story is told among the foreign residents of Naples. One of them when boating saw a man engaged in driving a pile. The sun was hot and the work was hard; so after a time the laborer paused, and fixing his eyes on the stake before him with the greatest malignity, he exclaimed, "Accursed be the mother of the kid that did not eat you up when you were a sapling!" There is something Neapolitan about the incident, but perhaps it savors too strongly of American humor to deserve entire credence.

But cursing of this kind, it is clear, cannot be a part of any religion; it is in itself a rebellion against religion, and does not therefore properly speaking belong to our subject. The ceremonies and usages to which reference has been made are of an entirely different character, and those who spread extravagant stories about them seem to forget under how strict a discipline the Roman Catholic Church is placed. Nothing can be done without the sanction of the parish priest, and an enlightened self-interest, even if he had no higher motive, would compel him to interdict many of the practices that are said to be common; for it stands to reason that worshippers who began by beating their saint would not be unlikely to conclude by beating their parson. The lower clergy of southern Italy are not highly educated, but they stand under the control of a hierarchy which cannot be accused of a want of either tact or culture, and so such excesses as those of the Salvation Army are impossible. Much allowance is made for popular feeling, and much respect is shown for local usages. Many things that seem to us grotesque are not only permitted but sanctioned; but however flagrantly the rules of good taste may be broken, the moral law and the teaching of the Church are strenuously enforced.

From The Spectator.
A NEGRO REVIVAL.

Rugby, Tennessee, September 11th, 1886.

I CAN scarcely remember the time when I was not curious to know more about, and of course, if the chance ever offered,

to be present at, a negro prayer-meeting, such as one reads about in so many books whose scene is laid in this sunny land. Well, some days ago I got the chance. I met here a young stranger, who had ridden up through the forest on a voyage of discovery, and wanted to find his way to the junction of our two mountain streams, the White Oak and Clear Fork, of which he had heard strange stories, somewhere just below the village (or town, as he politely named it). They talked, he added, of azalea and rhododendron bushes twenty feet — nay, thirty feet high, and of magnolias the size of forest trees! I could see that he was too polite to stamp these rumors with the name he thought they deserved. I pointed out the path, merely cautioning him that he would not find the azaleas, etc., in flower just now, and he went his way. An hour or so later we again met, and he was so satisfied with what he had seen that we fraternized. He hitched up his nag, and we fell into talk about the mountain and mountain folk. I found that he was a young theological student (I didn't gather whether he was in any kind of orders), and had come down to take temporary charge of a congregation, at another "town" some nine miles hence. His was a white church, but there was also a church of "colored brethren" there, who were just now having what we should call, I suppose, a "revival;" I am sorry I have forgotten the name he gave it. I asked if they would mind a stranger being present. "Certainly not," he said, "they specially invited all white brethren." Besides, he was on the best of terms with their minister and deacons, and would go up with me if I felt anyways shy. The special object of the revival was to "get through" as many of the church as possible before a flood of strange labor poured in. This might be any day now, as a big coal company was just going to open a seam four and a half feet thick, which they had struck close to the town site. He was rather nervous as to the effect of this on his own congregation, and, I fancied (though I abstained from inquiry), was doing something of the same kind with his own people. I thanked him, and said I would be over the next evening, and accordingly ambled over through the forest, and reached my destination in good time.

The meeting was to begin at 7 P. M., and there is no twilight in these latitudes, so we (for my friend met me) walked up to the big barn in which it was to be held, in

the bright moonlight. Round the door were perhaps a dozen colored men and youths, in their ragged and scanty working dresses, chatting and smoking. We went "right in," and my friend advanced straight up to the preacher, who was sitting by himself at a little table at the further corner, spectacles on nose, reading his Bible. My friend looked round for me, thinking I should follow; but I had dropped into a seat close to the door, and, construing my deprecating looks and signals aright, whispered a few words and then came out, saying as he passed me that he would come up again for me after his own service, by which time he guessed they would be about through here. No one took the least notice of me, so far as I could see in the dim light, and I began to feel easy, being so near the door and my retreat safe.

There was perfect silence in the big barn, and I began to look about. It was about fifty feet by thirty feet, and very lofty, and was dimly lighted by two lamps, one on the preacher's table and one on a neighboring table, whereon stood also a bucket full of water and a long tin ladle. The wall behind the preacher, and all the upper end — along which sat a row of women of all ages, with children here and there — was covered with common, cheap cotton cloth, the lower part brown, the upper red — no other attempt at ornament. All along the right side, on which I sat close to the door, were a double row of rough benches, which might be then half full, men and women sitting together. Out in the middle of the floor, in front of the two tables, but quite by itself, was a broad bench, unoccupied, and at our end two rows of cross benches, on which sat at first two or three men. The bright moonlight streamed in through the broad doorway and the big window. For some minutes yet there was dead silence, the preacher quietly reading on at his table. Then a single woman's voice, from the row at the upper end, began a hymn, somewhat falteringly, I thought; but another and another joined in, and by the second verse almost all were singing. The melody was quite unlike our hymn tunes, but I thought reverential, and certainly most pleasant. Then dead silence again, broken only by a barefooted boy carrying round the ladle full of water, which several women sipped from as the urchin presented it to them. Presently a second, then a third hymn followed, in each case a single woman's voice starting, the rest chiming in by degrees, and

dead silence following. By this time the benches were getting full, the cross benches being occupied by darkies, who crept in and took their seats deprecatingly, as if they wished to escape notice. It was now nearly 7.30 P. M., when two tall negroes came in, crossed the floor, and sat down close to the minister. They were deacons, I believe, and the bigger had one of the finest figures of a man I ever set eyes on, — rather too stout, perhaps (he must have been fifty at least), but with a small head, and neck and bust like the Farnese Hercules. Now at last the preacher stood up behind his table, looked round for a few seconds, and in a quiet, conversational tone, opened the meeting, and proceeded to read Psalm CIV. slowly, now and then almost hesitatingly, and to comment on it, much as you might hear in any Nonconformist chapel in England. A hymn followed, and then a prayer by the preacher, during which many knelt and all bent down; and as he warmed to his work, and the sentences followed more rapidly, each rising towards the end into a high cadence, a sort of responsive hum accompanied him from several parts of the room. After the prayer, the mighty deacon stood up, took a drink from the ladle, and then led off a hymn. From that time he "conducted" the singing, much to my regret, as his voice was harsh, and I doubt even if his ear was true; so the effect of his hymns was much less pleasing. The only one I recognized was, "Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?" I only caught an occasional line from the others, the refrains of two of which ran, "Come along, poor sinner, glory is drawing near," and, "When I was a sinner, just like you, I was in hell till I gut thro'." When the first of these ended, two women came out and knelt at the bench in the middle of the room, hiding their faces in their hands. (These two, by the way, had not moved an hour later, when I left.) Their "coming out" made a sort of joyful stir, and the mighty deacon, drinking copiously from the ladle as he passed, now took to walking round the bench as he uplifted the hymns. This bench, I had learnt, was the "bench of mourners," on which all who had not already "gut through" were invited now to take their seats. Presently a man from one of the cross benches got up, and went to take his seat beside the two women on the bench of mourners. The hum of approval grew. Clearly the occupants of these cross benches were considered tough sinners. The service went on, prayer,

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short address, and hymn alternating, till another woman and three more men (seven in all) sat on or knelt by the "bench of mourners."

It was now nearly nine o'clock, and my friend arrived at the door, from which he was at once called by the preacher across the floor. He went up, looking, I thought, somewhat uncomfortable; and after the next hymn, was called on by the black preacher to "take the prayer." I noticed that now several of the men on the cross benches knelt, and I think would have gone to the bench of mourners when the prayer ended, but for the arrival of two white natives. These took seats on a cross bench, quietly and not irreverently, but, I thought, seemed to exercise a decidedly cooling influence on their neighbors. Possibly the same thought may have struck the preacher, for in a short, impassioned address he declared that he meant to have every man of them who had not "gut through" already, on the bench of mourners that night; and a responsive hum from all round the room showed that he would be heartily backed by his congregation in coming thus to death-grips with the devil. The mighty deacon now girded up his loins, took a drink, glaring at the cross benches all the time, and then uplifted another hymn. There were now only two hours of moonlight left, and if I meant to get back though the rough mountain roads that night, it was time for me to be starting. So, reluctantly, I stole out of the door, saddled up, and rode off home. I was sorry not to be able to see the meeting out, as I believe that at the end there is some ceremony of "putting through" those who have taken seats on the bench of mourners. I gather this from the expression of a negro who has been working here, and took his wife down to this revival, saying he thought she was "bout ready fur de watter." I hope she was one

of the seven whom I left on the bench of mourners. I own, sir, this service greatly surprised—indeed, startled me. Here was a whole congregation come together for the express purpose of earnestly wrestling for the salvation (however they might understand the word) of those amongst them who had not "gut through," or, as we should say, were non-communicants. Neither preacher, deacons, nor sisters (as I found the women at the end of the room were called) got a cent, though they came ready to spend the whole night, if necessary, at their work. The motive of the addresses and of the prayers (so far as I could gather the latter from the rapid and singsong cadences) may be stated, "It is more terrible to live in sin than even to die in sin;" and, "It is mean to bring worn-out bodies to the Lord when you can't get any more pleasure out of them;" surely as thoroughly sound Christian teaching as we can hear in the Abbey or St. Paul's.

At any rate, the immediate associations which an unaccustomed act of worship raises in one's mind are worth noting, and here are mine. As I rode back through the moonlit forest, the midnight murmurs, always so impressive, seemed to me laden with the music of the grand old monkish hymns, the "Dies Irae" and "Stabat Mater," and the pines and white oaks to be whispering,—

Fac me veri tecum flere,
Crucifixo condolere,
Donec ego vixero;

or that even more pathetic,—

Quærens me sedisti lassus,
Redemisti crucem passus,
Tantus labor non sit cassus.

I shall try to learn the result of the meeting, and if successful will let you know it.

VACUUS VIATOR.

PROJECTED TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY.—The completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway appears to have given a fresh incitement to the discussion among Russians of their own long-talked-of line to the Pacific across Siberia to Vladivostock. Respecting this enterprise, it may be remarked that it will be a very long time before Russian locomotives compete with those of England and America in reaching the shores of the Pacific. The branch to Tiumen has not yet been made, and the Ufa Zlatoust section to Ekaterinburg has only lately been

decided upon, after years of dispute over the conflicting claims of different towns. At a recent meeting of the Society for Furthering Russian Trade and Commerce, a discussion took place on the several projects for the great work, among them being one tendered by an enterprising exile living in Siberian banishment. All difficulties were satisfactorily disposed of excepting the question where the 150,000,000 roubles required for the enterprise are to come from.